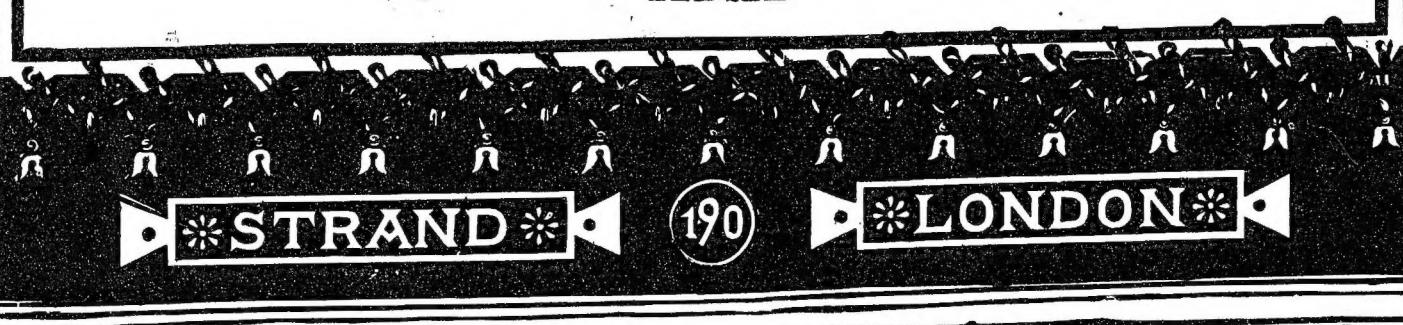


ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,057

MARCH 1, 1890

THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



PRICE NINEPENCE

# THE GRAPHIC

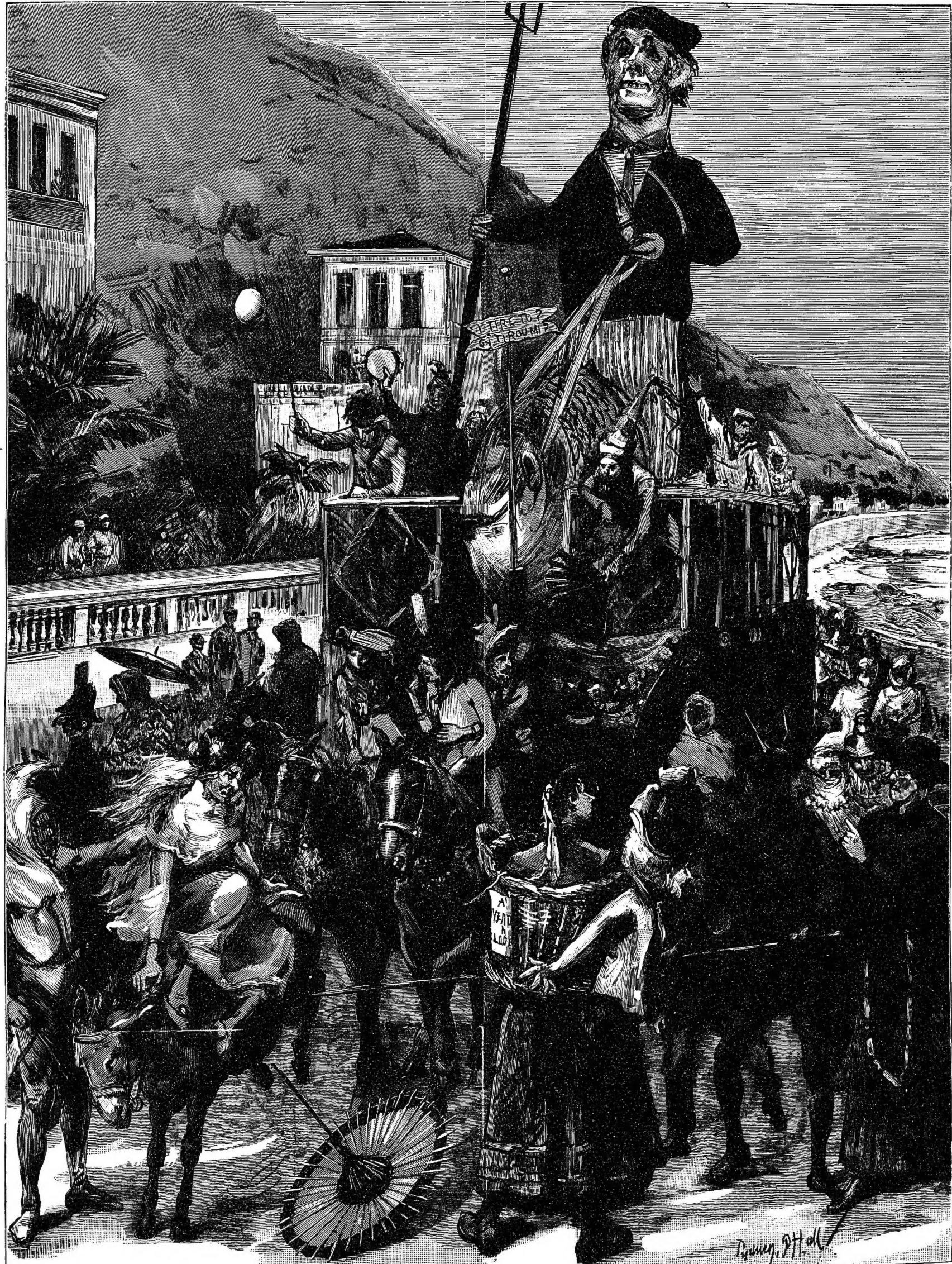
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1890

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE  
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THE CARNIVAL AT MENTONE—KING CARNIVAL MAKES HIS ENTRÉE



**THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.**—The exact composition of the new German Reichstag will not be known until the supplementary elections have been held, but it is already certain that Prince Bismarck will no longer have the same majority as that on which he relied in the last Parliament. The National Liberals are rather too Liberal to be perfectly satisfactory to Conservative voters, and they are too Conservative to please thoroughgoing Radicals. Consequently they have lost a large number of seats, and it is not expected that they will score many victories in the contests which have still to be decided. The Conservatives and the National Liberals together, therefore, will not be strong enough, as they have been during the last three years, to outweigh the votes of all the other parties in Parliament; and if Prince Bismarck is to secure for himself a trustworthy majority, he will have no alternative but to come to terms with the Centre or Roman Catholic party. This he will probably have little difficulty in doing, as he has already made so many concessions to the Papacy that the obstacles to a complete understanding between Church and State are now comparatively unimportant. If no more serious questions were raised by the results of the General Election, the Chancellor would have an easy mind, but problems of far greater magnitude and complexity have been thrust upon his attention by the extraordinary success of the Social Democrats. That this party was very powerful everyone knew, and it was generally suspected that the tendency of the Chancellor's repressive policy was rather to strengthen than to weaken its hold on the working classes. But few observers were prepared for the evidence which has been forthcoming as to the rate at which the influence of the Socialists has spread. Their success is all the more significant when we remember—as Mr. Hyndman, in an able letter on the subject, has shown—that they are not politicians animated merely by a vague feeling of discontent, or by an equally vague philanthropic sentiment. What they want is a Revolution in comparison with which, if it were effected, all past Revolutions would seem slight and superficial. Prince Bismarck is too honest a statesman not to recognise frankly the full meaning of the facts which have been brought out; but it would be a mistake to suppose that, while acknowledging their gravity, he sees in them a source of immediate danger. The triumphs of the Socialists are still confined to the great industrial and trading centres. The party has not even begun to make any impression on the peasantry. As long as this remains true, Socialism may be extremely troublesome, but it will be very far from the goal to which its adherents wish to lead the nation.

**PARLIAMENTARY BUSINESS.**—There is a good deal of force in Lord Randolph Churchill's suggestion that the Debate on the Address should be altogether given up. But there is something to be said on the other side. After the comparative silence of the Recess a number of M.P.'s of the more talkative and belligerent sort come up to Westminster "spoiling for a fight," and it may be politic to let them have their innings at once. Anyhow, after wasting time for a fortnight, they can scarcely with any decency complain that Mr. W. H. Smith should lay his hands, at an earlier period of the Session than usual, on the nights usually reserved for private members. As matters now stand, no legislative business of importance can be attempted until after Easter. Next week is to be given to the discussion of the Parnell Commission Report, a subject of which the public, as distinguished from professional politicians, are utterly sick and weary. If the Government meant to prosecute the Parnellites for the offences which the three Judges hold to have been proved against them, there might be some interest in the debate. But as, in this weak-kneed generation, there is no likelihood of such a contingency, the discussion in question will simply mean torrents of more or less aimless talk, and more waste of precious time. One really begins to despair of the House of Commons as a business-assembly. Whatever the cause, whether the more extended franchise or the obstructive tactics invented by the Irish Irreconcileables, the House has declined seriously in popular estimation. Thirty years ago its debates were followed with an eager and earnest attention which is rarely bestowed now. This is a very serious matter, because the House of Commons has gradually managed to possess itself of nearly all political power. Complaints are often heard from America of the inefficiency of Congress, but there the founders of the Republic wisely made the Executive Government in many respects independent of the two Chambers. If the downward course of the House of Commons should go on much longer, a day may arrive when the public will regard with apathy, if not with complacency, an Eighteenth of Brumaire when a file of grenadiers may eject the more troublesome members by applying bayonets to their hind-quarters.

**MUSKETRY INSTRUCTION.**—It is good news that the military authorities at last recognise the imperative necessity of reconstructing the system of musketry instruction *ab ovo*. While admirably adapted to improve shooting on the ranges, it has always been a conspicuous failure as a method

of training soldiers for field practice, either at long or short distances. The private is taught by it exactly the converse of what he has imparted to him by drill. It is the object of the latter to make every unit feel himself part of a machine, on whose collective success or failure his own depends. But the Hythe system, on the contrary, instils into him the superiority of individual to collective action. Within certain bounds this is right enough; every recruit should be taught the full use of his rifle, and the essentials of marksmanship. But when he has once acquired that knowledge, it is sheer pedantry to keep him, for the rest of his service, at the same routine. Having graduated in individual marksmanship to the extent of his capabilities, he should be moved on to field practice so devised as to resemble as closely as possible the circumstances of battle. Of course, there must always be a wide difference between the two, but the nearer those circumstances can be approached in musketry instruction, the more valuable will be the lessons learnt. Another and most welcome new departure is the announcement that more time, opportunities, and facilities will be afforded for this essential part of the soldier's education. We may hope to hear some day that the War Office is willing to provide gratis ammunition for regimental, company, and squad shooting matches.

**MR. MORLEY'S COMPROMISE.**—Mr. Morley has not improved his position as a statesman by the line he has taken with regard to Free Education. It is denied that he made any sacrifice of principle in his eagerness to secure Roman Catholic votes. But in what other light is it possible to regard his extraordinary proposal that when a school "claims to be for the use of a section of the community, as, for example, the Catholics or the Jews, it may continue to receive public support as long as it is under the management of that section"? One of the most essential principles of Liberalism, as Liberalism has hitherto been understood, is that public money ought not to be devoted to the maintenance of schools unless they are in some way or other under public control. Yet Mr. Morley suggests that the most rigid of all denominational schools should be kept up by the nation, and that they should receive support only so long as they retain their strictly exclusive character. If this is not a violation of principle it is hard to say in what a violation of principle consists. Is the rule to be applied to Church schools, and Wesleyan schools? If not, why not? It would manifestly be most unjust to refuse to some denominations what is freely granted to others. It may be said that Wesleyan and Church schools are intended for all; and it is true that they admit every one who asks to be admitted, allowing the children of parents or guardians who may belong to different denominations to have the benefit of the Conscience Clause. But it would be easy for them to bring themselves within Mr. Morley's definition. All they would have to do would be to declare that they were intended only for "a section of the community." In that case we should have, all over the country, schools exactly corresponding to the ideal of the strictest sect of "Denominationalists," yet maintained at the cost of the entire body of taxpayers. It is strange that such a scheme as this should have come from a Liberal leader, and we may be sure that when Mr. Morley committed himself to it he was very imperfectly conscious of its logical consequences.

**HOW TO MAKE A PRETENDER.**—Personally it is impossible to feel any special sympathy with the Duc d'Orléans, now that he has been sent to "do time" at Clairvaux. His escapade was just of the same character as Louis Napoleon's exploit at Boulogne with the tame eagle. If he had honestly desired to serve as a private soldier without any ulterior motive, he would have applied for permission to the French Government before leaving Switzerland. All this is self-evident, but what is less comprehensible is the unwisdom of the French Government in not at once conducting him to the frontier, with a warning that if he crossed it again he would be severely dealt with. It must be remembered, however, in their favour that the position of modern French Cabinets is so precarious, that they naturally desire time for deliberation, lest they should take a false step. In this instance, the blunder lay in deliberating. The young gentleman should have been packed off at once. He has now been converted into a tolerably serious Pretender, not very formidable perhaps, yet the only eligible Pretender in the field, for the Bonapartists have ruined their chances (if they ever had any, poor Badinguet not being yet forgotten) by family squabbles, while as for General Boulanger—well, he must now perceive more clearly than ever how valuable a little rashness is, when you have to deal with the impulsive Gaul. Even Robespierre might have saved his neck—and perhaps improved his subsequent reputation—if he had mounted a horse and shown himself boldly in the streets when the crisis of Thermidor arrived; and if, a year ago, the Exile of Jersey had followed Danton's recipe of "daring—daring again, and daring always," he might, at this moment, have been the foremost man in France.

**MAINTENANCE OF RELATIONS.**—If some of the time wasted in the debate on the Address had been devoted to the subject on which Mr. Winterbotham questioned the Home Secretary, the country would have gained considerably. The purport of the query was whether an agricultural labourer

at Evesham, whose weekly wage averages 9s., and who has a wife and crippled son dependent on him, had been ordered to pay a shilling a week for the maintenance of his parents in the workhouse. Mr. Matthews' reply admitted the essential accuracy of the statement, the chief difference being the allegation that the man earns a trifle more by cultivating a plot of ground. But as regards the general question, it seems to be acknowledged that workmen who are steeped in poverty themselves can be and often are compelled to stint their own families in food to provide for blood relations who are in receipt of parish relief. Mr. Matthews says, it is true, that such orders should only be made "on persons of sufficient ability." Unfortunately, it is notorious that the justices too often fail to discriminate between sufficient and insufficient ability. Perhaps they are not much to blame for that; it is extremely hard for outsiders to judge whether a labouring man is so circumstanced as to admit of the alienation of any part of his income without involving serious hardship to his family. Might not a minimum be fixed, say 15s. or 20s. a week, which would exempt from contribution in the case of married men with families to support? It seems open to question, too, whether the law which makes grandparents liable for the maintenance of grandchildren should not be annulled. There is neither sense nor justice in this cruel enactment; except in a very few cases, grandparents are no more responsible for the existence of their grandchildren than for the spots on the sun. It is terribly hard on a couple of old folks who, after saving every penny throughout their lives as a provision for old age, find their little hoard heavily taxed for a purpose altogether beyond their control.

**THE LIBERAL AMENDMENT.**—Mr. Gladstone's Amendment to Mr. W. H. Smith's motion with regard to the Commissioners' Report does not err on the side of excessive mildness of expression. More violent language was probably never used in a proposal submitted to Parliament by the leader of a great party. Are we to attribute this to the influence of the fiery Irish orators with whom Mr. Gladstone has formed so intimate an alliance? However it is to be explained, it has certainly not tended to commend the Amendment to persons of impartial judgment. Vehement epithets may sometimes relieve the feelings of those who indulge in them; but they are apt to repel other people, and they do not always convey an impression of perfect sincerity. That the Amendment will secure the support of a majority in the House of Commons no one supposes. It is admitted that, with regard to the forged letters, Mr. Parnell was badly treated. All the world agrees that those who accused him of having written them acted, to say the least, with extraordinary and most culpable recklessness. It has been proved, too, that other charges advanced against the Irish leader and some of his colleagues were either untrue, or brought forward on wholly insufficient evidence. All this will be freely granted on both sides of the House. Indeed, Mr. W. H. Smith has already given cordial expression to the satisfaction with which Englishmen generally have received those parts of the Report that are favourable to the Irish members. But why should the House of Commons go out of its way to record its opinion of one portion of the Report? The Commissioners have not dismissed as unfounded all the accusations that were submitted to them. They have decided that some very serious charges were in strict accordance with facts. If the House of Commons is to say anything about the pleasanter aspects of the Report, why is it to say nothing about the less agreeable decisions? Obviously it is bound either to pronounce judgment on the document as a whole, or to refrain from pronouncing judgment on it at all. This view, however, does not suit the Gladstonians and Parnellites. Their object is to waste time and discredit the Government, and it is only too plain that they propose to make the most of their present opportunity.

**SOCIAL ASPECTS OF A BY-ELECTION.**—To numerous persons existence in the suburbs of this far-stretching metropolis is rather monotonous—far more monotonous than it is in the smaller country towns. Many of them are comparatively new-comers to the neighbourhood, and it takes a long time in a London suburb to form acquaintances who are both agreeable and reputable. There are, of course, plenty of public amusements; but these cost money, and money is usually rather a scarce commodity with the class of people we are thinking of. To such persons, therefore, a closely-contested by-election does really come as "a boon and a blessing." The young men go to the public meetings, though they may not care a button about politics, because there is sure to be some fun there, and possibly a row. The lady-members of the household find the monotony of their day pleasantly dispelled by visits from the canvassers. It is true that these canvassers usually belong to "the female persuasion"; but, then, they often have handles to their names; their manners are extremely seductive; and their attire, after they have gone, forms a most interesting subject for discussion and comment. As for Paterfamilias, even if he pleads the fatigues of his City labours, his wife, who has been enchanted by some of the canvassers, insists on his going to one of the evening meetings held at the residence of some local magnate, for which an invitation-card has been sent. He goes perhaps unwillingly, but enjoys it when

he gets there. He finds himself temporarily on an equal footing with persons of far higher social standing than himself, the host and hostess are most affable, and he even shakes hands and exchanges a few words with the Candidate himself. Unless his mind was made up very resolutely beforehand, be sure that when the eventful Monday comes he goes to the polling-place and makes his cross against Blue—or Yellow, as the case may be. It is really a blessed compensation that the M.P. who, like teeth, is troublesome before he comes into existence, and troublesome ever after, should, nevertheless, be the source of pleasure to a large number of simple folk. Two things, however, are necessary for perfect bliss—the election must be closely contested, and it must be a by-election. Then each voter proudly feels that three kingdoms are anxiously awaiting his verdict.

**IMPORTATION OF SAVAGES.**—As if it were not hard enough on the British workman to have his wages cut down and his poor-rates increased by a deluge of destitute foreign labourers, our enterprising showmen are turning loose cohorts of starving foreigners. The irrepressible Zulu was, we believe, the first aboriginal to seek parish relief; as soon as he no longer "drew" as an exhibition, his importer sent him adrift to pick up a living for himself. But Zulus—especially the domesticated variety—are not nearly so untaught in the ways of civilised mankind as the wretched Patagonians, whose case came before the House of Commons the other day. These miserable aliens were, it appears, landed at Dover in a state of destitution, like other foreign riff-raff, and, for want of any other refuge, were accommodated at the workhouse. Mr. Ritchie—not, perhaps, in the best taste—made light of their misery, but, happily, the Chilean Consul-General had a more tender heart, and thanks to his benevolence, the Patagonians will be restored to their native land without any cost to the British ratepayer or taxpayer. But Chile was not any more bound than England to undertake this work of humanity, and it was purely a piece of good luck, therefore, that the indigent wanderers did not remain in the Dover Workhouse for the rest of their lives. And if Patagonians can thus be decanted on our shores, what is there to prevent cargoes of other outlandish peoples from being similarly disembarked "in a state of destitution"? National hospitality is a grand thing in its way, but, like private hospitality, it has its assigned limits. And these are very considerably overstepped in the case of England, when her own overgrown population, incessantly struggling hard for employment and food, has to make room for crowds of Continental refugees and of useless barbarians.

**HOSPITALS FOR THE INSANE.**—Some time ago the London County Council appointed a Committee to consider the question whether it would be expedient to establish a hospital for the study and curative treatment of insanity. The Committee has consulted the highest authorities on the subject, and the result of its inquiries and deliberations is that it answers the question decidedly in the affirmative. It now remains for the County Council to deal with the matter, and we may hope that it will act in accordance with the recommendation of its Committee. No one doubts that asylums for the insane are generally well managed. They are carefully looked after, and complaints of the manner in which they are conducted are seldom heard of. But they do not provide competent men with sufficient opportunities for the study of the most terrible of human maladies. What is wanted is an institution in which the insane shall be not only properly cared for, but surrounded by conditions which shall be in every way favourable to the process of cure. It used to be thought that insanity, from its very nature, was an absolutely hopeless disease. In early times it was attributed to the malign influence of evil spirits; and even when this notion was abandoned, most people continued to regard it as a wholly spiritual or mental affliction. We now know that while from one point of view it must be regarded as mental, there is another point of view from which it must be described as physical. It springs from a disease of the brain or nervous system, and if that can be restored to its normal state the mind will recover its energy also. There may, of course, be hopeless diseases of the brain, as there are hopeless diseases of other organs; but we have no right to decide that a case of insanity is beyond reach of cure until we understand the particular set of physical conditions to which it is due. The subject is one of extraordinary complexity, and science will probably never succeed in tracking to their sources all the causes which may lead to the unsettling of the reason. But something has already been done, and much more may be accomplished, by patient observation and study. London, therefore, ought to have the hospital that is asked for; and when she gets it, other great cities should lose no time in following her example. Such institutions, if they do even a little to improve the chances of the insane, will render priceless service to humanity.

**DEFECTIVE SIGHT.**—Some specialists, we believe, contend that the eyes of the public are no more defective than they used to be some forty or fifty years ago, but that people now remedy with glasses a drawback which formerly they were content to endure. This observation may, to some extent, be true. Nevertheless we hold that those persons whose experience extends over a good many years must be convinced that eyes are less serviceable than they used to be.

Boys and girls very soon discover each others' personal weaknesses—shortsightedness among the number; and half a century ago, in a school of two hundred boys, the writer of these lines can only remember a dozen who were so shortsighted as to be inconvenienced when playing games. One boy in the whole school wore spectacles, and he was regarded as an oddity and a portent. Sisterly confidences give a similar report of a large school for girls at the same period. Observe the difference nowadays. Spectacles and *pinze-nez* are worn in such abundance by young persons of both sexes that they have ceased to be noticeable; indeed, the former are to be seen bestriding the noses of little mites playing in the street-gutter. Not all of these juveniles are afflicted with short-sight; some of them are troubled with what is worse, a premature form of old-sight. We often see in railway carriages young men and women who put on glasses to read a book, and take them off when they alight. If matters go on thus, for parents usually transmit this defect to their offspring, we may expect soon to see spectacled bus-drivers and cabmen, spectacled soldiers and sailors, and spectacled policemen. In fact, we find there is already in existence a spectacled "bobby"; for a correspondent of the *Times*, complaining of the way in which the ducks on the Serpentine are thinned out, says that they are shot from a boat by a policeman "who is near-sighted and obliged to wear spectacles." Burglars should take warning from this. They should avoid over-study, and practise their eyes on distant objects. In another generation, by observing these precautions, they may be able to defy the wiles of the detested "copper."

**THE CLAN-NA-GAEL.**—That homely adage "When thieves fall out, honest men come by their own" must have occurred to most on reading about the schism in the Clan-na-Gael. At first, this split had something of a suspicious look; Irish-American conspirators are always very clever in getting up little tranquillising performances when John Bull requires an opiate. It would have been "quite like Sir Roger" had the managers of the Society agreed to make pretence of an internecine feud, by way of obliterating remembrance of the Cronin murder. But the latest news seems to show that it is a real battle which is going on in the ranks of the Clan, and not a mere sham fight. The more respectable Gaels—there are, we suppose, degrees of respectability among them—have denounced the practice of murder as one of the fine arts, and, in their deep contrition for the "accident" that befell Dr. Cronin, they promise to abstain for the future from that form of intemperance. They also show—perhaps this feeling may be more sincere than the other—a wholesome disposition to prevent any farther malversation of funds. But the "stalwarts" scoff at this new-born squeamishness, and refuse to subscribe to the new programme. How the struggle will end it is impossible to predict. Both sides seem resolved to fight the quarrel out to the bitter end; and that may easily mean, in the case of such desperadoes, an extensive exhibition of lethal weapons. The uncharitable may, perhaps, feel inclined to say, "The more the merrier." It must be allowed that society would not be at much loss were the fate of the Kilkenny cats to befall the Clan-na-Gael. One gain, however, has already accrued from the quarrel and its revelations. No political party in these islands ought ever again to accept monetary assistance from an organisation based on swindling, and cemented with blood.



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THE CARNIVAL AT NICE AND MENTONE

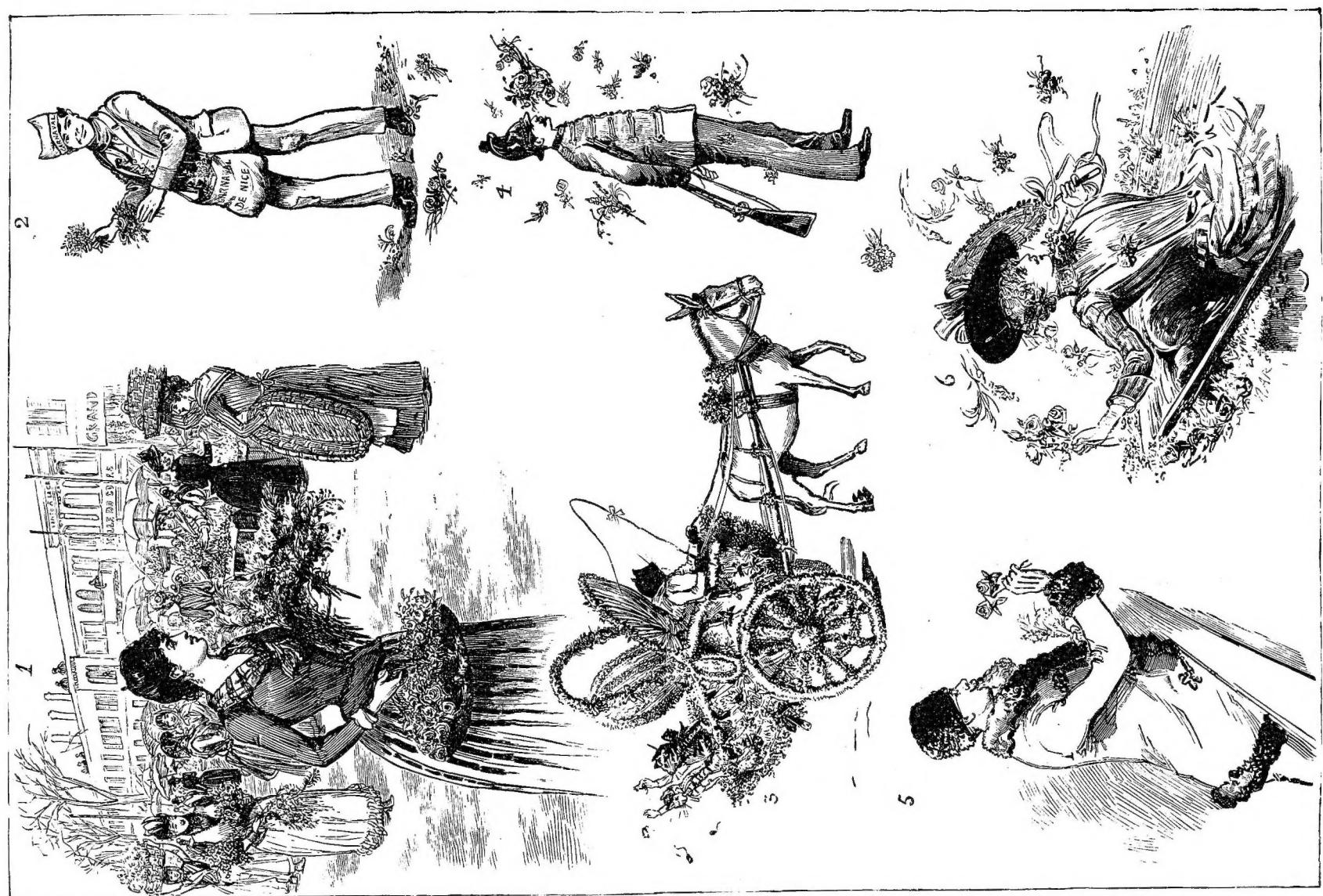
The ante-Lenten festivities this year at Nice were a good deal spoilt by the cold, wet weather which prevailed. This was all the more to be regretted, as the series of *fêtes* were in intention the most brilliant ever organised. On the last day fine weather prevailed for the first time, and then the second Battle of Flowers took place on the Promenade des Anglais. Strictly speaking, the flower-battles and the *confetti*-throwing are two distinct items of the Carnival programme; but the modern tendency is to jumble them up together. Consequently, the second Battle of Flowers was complicated with fusillades of *confetti*; and, as these *confetti*—which, once upon a time, were real, eatable *bon-bons*—have now degenerated into small balls of coloured chalk or plaster, iron masks are worn to protect the face from injury. Nevertheless, the Carnival maintains something of its primitive simplicity—more completely in the Riviera (especially in the smaller towns) than elsewhere. At Rome, for example, the rough element prevails in the



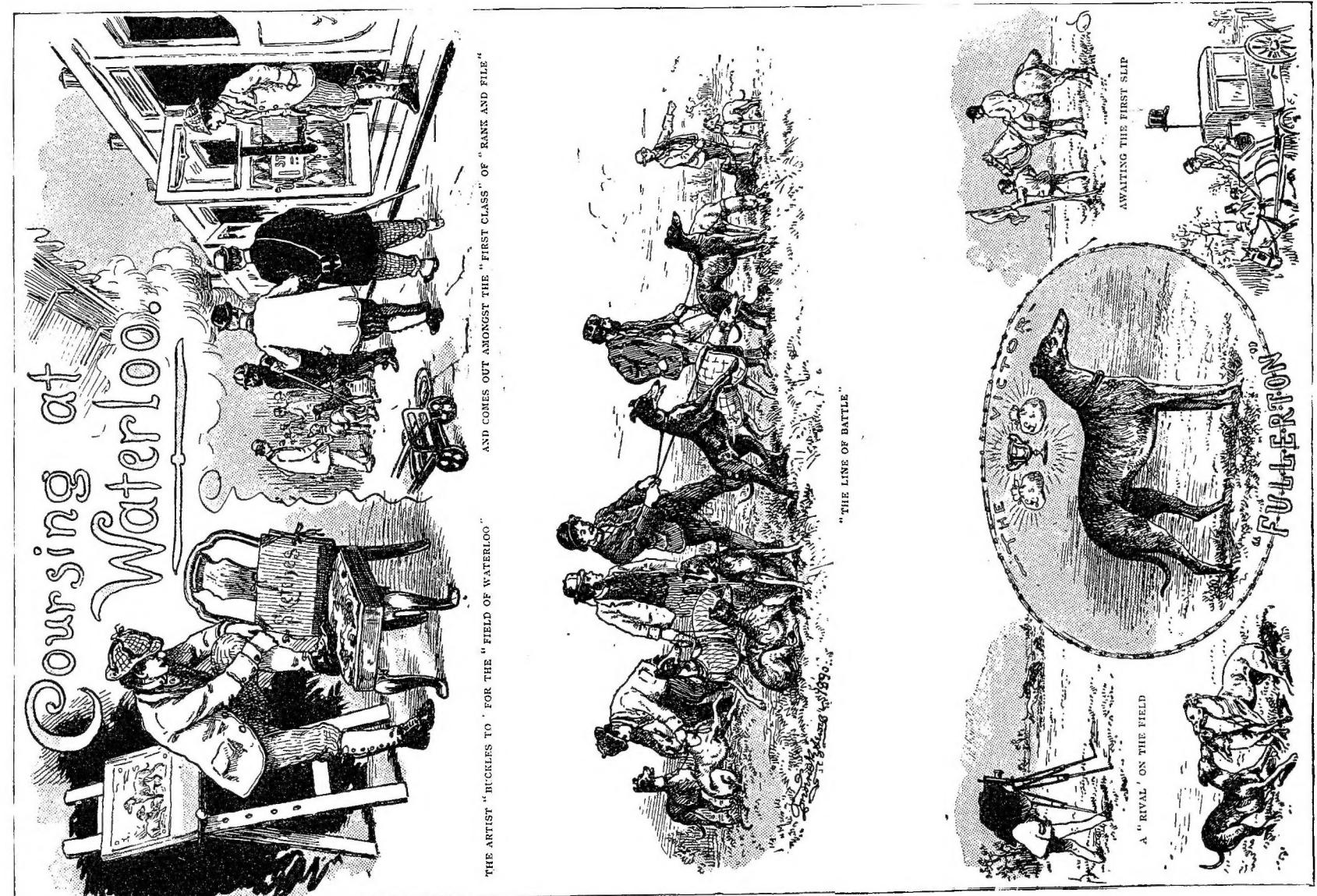
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FROM THE PICTURE ATTRIBUTED TO REMBRANDT, RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT LE PECQ, NEAR PARIS  
Lately sold for £160, and now valued at more than £10,000



1. Just before the Battle—Laying in Ammunition 3. A Feature of the Procession—The Sensational Pussies  
 2. A Native Son of Flora 4. The "Pompier" Under Fire—Under Fire—Under Fire  
 5. A Russian Fighter in the Press Tribune 6. A Besieged Belle



NOTICE OF VICTORY HOISTED ON "FULLERTON'S" CAB  
 THE WATERLOO CUP—NOTES AT ALTCAR  
 A RIVAL ON THE FIELD

## THE GRAPHIC

## “NIGHT QUARTERS” ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR

**NIGHT-QUARTERS ON BOARD.**  
THE increasing danger to ships of war from the many recent improvements in torpedo apparatus and practice have rendered it more necessary than ever that their crews should be exercised in defending their vessels from a night-attack by torpedo-boats; hence an Admiralty Order that several times during the year ships are to be exercised at night-quarters in firing at a target by the electric light. Here we see a weary lieutenant, who has not long turned in, after keeping the last watch, roused by the sentry at the sound of the bugle. Immediately there begins that scene of bustle without confusion which can nowhere be witnessed in greater perfection than on board a man-of-war. The powder-charges for the heavy guns are hoisted up from the magazine, and carried off by the powdermen to their respective guns. Another sketch shows a gun in the darkness of the main-deck being laid for the elevation passed down from the officer at the "director" by the dim light of a "fighting" lantern, which is immediately afterwards shaded, so that no light may be reflected from the ports to draw the enemy's fire. In another sketch we see the "director" on the netting being laid for the target, under the protection of a steel shield. Here also are depicted the target, illuminated by the beam of the electric light projector, and the new Nordenfelt six-pounder quick-firing gun. This latter is a deadly enemy to torpedo-boats, from its extreme range, handiness, and accuracy.—Our engravings are from drawings by a naval officer.

"The new feature this year," says a correspondent, "in the Carnival at Mentone, is that King Carnival instead of arriving by train arrived by sea, in an English yacht. At 8.30 P.M. volleys of rockets and bombs announced the landing of King Carnival. He was then escorted through the town, the regimental band of Mentone preceding and a detachment of soldiers following to keep the streets clear. The streets were decorated with flags, hung across from the lofty houses, and Venetian masts, and some hundreds of Mentonese in carnival costume followed. Next day the procession was formed, consisting of the usual grotesque representations. Amongst them were many pretty designs, such as a Swiss cottage, accompanied by Swiss peasants, and a representation of the Tyrolese mountains, attended by sportsmen. King Carnival then started, preceded by the military band and groups of dancing girls in carnival dresses, along the East Bay to the Old Town, where he stayed the second night. On the day following he proceeded along the West Bay, and in the evening was burnt on the shore."

REVIEW BEFORE THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AT  
QUETTA

HIS Royal Highness's time in India is nearly up, and the visit which he paid to Quetta at the end of last month was in the nature of a farewell. He arrived on Wednesday evening, January 29th, and was received at the station by a guard of honour and the senior officers of the garrison. The Duke stayed during his visit with General Sir George White, V.C., K.C.B. On Thursday, the 30th, he went to see the fortifications which have lately been completed, and inspected the Peshin garrison, afterwards dining with the officers of the Bombay Army in the Club, and holding a levée in the library. On Friday, the 31st, a review of all the troops was held on the big Maidan below the peaks of Takatu. Our illustration (from a sketch by Lieut. A. W. Crawford M'Fall, Second King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry) shows the 5th Native Bombay Cavalry dashing past, led by Major James, one of the finest horsemen in the Bombay Army. On this occasion he is said to have looked like a centaur, so perfect was his seat. The Duke left on Sunday the 2nd inst., amidst the regrets of all classes and all colours, with whom he is deservedly popular.

## THE ALLEGED REMBRANDT DISCOVERED AT LE PECQ

A FORTNIGHT ago the property of a Madame Legrand, just deceased, was being sold by auction at Le Pecq, outside Paris. Amongst the pictures was one described as a copy of Rembrandt's "Disciples of Emmaus," in the Paris Louvre, and a local carpenter ran up the bidding till he acquired the painting at the apparently high price of 162.<sup>1</sup> He was acting, however, for a Paris dealer, M. Bourgeois, who had learnt from Madame Legrand's doctor that she possessed a fine Old Master. On examining his purchase, M. Bourgeois found in the corner Rembrandt's signature and the date 1656, hidden under a thick coating of dirt. He was at once offered 3,000<sup>l</sup>. for his treasure, but he held back, intending the Louvre to have the first refusal, while French artists and amateurs flocked to see the picture. Experts disagreed whether the work was a veritable Rembrandt or a copy; but, in the mean time, the heirs of Madame Legrand summoned M. Bourgeois to return the painting. He refused; so they will now sue the auctioneer and expert for its restitution, as being sold under false pretences. The subject of the picture is "Abraham Entertaining the Angels." The Patriarch is represented as a fine old man, in gorgeous garments, standing with uplifted hands as he invokes a blessing on the meal spread before his heavenly visitors. The angels are on either side of Abraham, while an old servant watches in the background. Rembrandt painted the same scene in a picture now in the Imperial collection at the Hermitage, St. Petersburg; but the Russian work is fully ten years older than the present painting, and much inferior. The later "Abraham" corresponds with a "Jacob Blessing the Sons of Joseph" in the Cassel Museum, as it bears the same date, while the same model served apparently for the heads of Jacob and Abraham.

## THE WATERLOO CUP

A VERY lucky man is Colonel North. He has only been coursing a very few years, yet he has already won the Blue Ribbon of the leash twice, and "run up" for it once. Of course it is easy to say that the man who comes into the market with untold wealth and buys up all the best greyhounds at unheard-of prices might naturally be expected to win; but that is not always the case, as the annals of sport abundantly prove. No; the Nitrate King may fairly be congratulated on being lucky as well as rich, and on possessing in Fullerton one of the grandest greyhounds ever whelped. Some admirers of the son of Greentick and Bit of Fashion even declare that he is the superior of that historical greyhound, Master M'Grath, but here we are inclined to think that they "protest too much." He is better-looking, unquestionably, and he may be a trifle faster in a straight run, but he lacks that deadly tenacity of purpose with which "M'Grath" stuck to his hare. Very short odds were laid about Fullerton at the start, 9 to 2 being the best obtainable. The shortest "long odds" (if we may be permitted the expression) ever laid were the 100 to 30 tendered about M'Grath in the year he did not win. Mr. Dunn's Downpour, which filled the nomination of Mr. J. Trevor, was the runner-up in the Cup of this year. Mr. Swinburne's Knockinny Boy took the Purse over to Ireland, beating Colonel North's Troughend in the final, while the Plate fell to Mr. T. Graham's Jim-o'-the-Hill. The Waterloo Meeting is not happy in its weather. This year was no exception to the rule, for on Thursday, last week, a portion of the proceedings was conducted in a blinding snowstorm.

## THE JOINT COMMISSION IN SWAZILAND

See page 256

“MADAME LEROUX”

A NEW serial story, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Percy Macquoid, is continued on page 249.

hotel. The vehicles employed on the Kimberley route are, like the one represented in our engraving, of the old mail-coach type. All alike are drawn by long teams of eight, ten, or sometimes even twelve horses or mules, and are driven at a spanking pace. The road passes through some splendid scenery, which, to some extent, rewards the traveller for his pains, though at the same time he is probably not altogether sorry when at last the coach sets him down at Johannesburg.

## THE LIFE OF A BURMESE DACOIT

THE scenes here depicted occurred in the Ava District, and are from sketches by a native artist. The first sketch represents the hero, in youthful innocence, bathing in the jungle-stream near his native village. But, subsequently, while herding cattle, he sees a dacoit making love to a maiden of his own village. He goes home fascinated, and determines to become a dacoit. His first exploit is to go with a gang of men to lift some cattle. His next offence is of a more heinous character. With some armed comrades he visits a village which has omitted to pay the usual monthly tribute to the dacoit leader. A few shots cause the men of the village to bolt into the jungle, leaving only the women and children. The houses are then searched for hidden money, and finally are burnt. Sometimes, when no money can be found, a wretched woman is tied up and tortured, until she either dies under the ordeal, or informs them where the money is hidden. The villagers, driven to desperation, inform the officer commanding the nearest post. The thieves are pursued and captured, tried, and sentenced to death. As an appeal against the sentence in the Judicial Commissioner's Court at Mandalay proves unavailing, a rough gallows is erected, and the culprits are executed, much to the delight of all peaceable and industrious Burmans.

## SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES—KATHARINE OF FRANCE

In his handbook to "The Graphic Gallery of Shakespeare's Heroines," Mr. W. E. Henley observes that, of the three Katharines whom Shakespeare portrays, Katharine of France is the least important. The dramatist mainly makes use of her as a comic character. Before the battle of Agincourt he brings her on the scene to exhibit her in the act of learning English from Alice, one of her ladies-in-waiting; while, after the victory, she has to submit to King Harry's rough-and-ready suitoring, and endure, unresistingly, a fate which was prepared for her by the issue of the conflict on that famous day. Mrs. Alma-Tadema has selected the first of these two appearances—which may be styled "A Royal Pupil's Lesson in English"—as the subject of her picture.



THE IMPROVEMENT in Lord Salisbury's health is so marked that he has arranged to return to town early next week.—A telegram from Cairo intimates that Lord Hartington is much better than when he left England.—At the middle of the week, Lord Tennyson's symptoms showed satisfactory improvement.

**POLITICAL.**—Lord Selborne, when the guest, on Tuesday, of the Liberal Union Club, gave an able and searching analysis of the report of the Special Commission, and of the evidence on which it was based. From the latter he drew the inference that Home Rule, as formulated by Mr. Gladstone, would not and could not restore peace and tranquillity to Ireland. After quotations in support of this contention, Lord Selborne wound up with the following peroration, “ Is it possible to doubt that the establishment of a Parliament in Dublin would be, if it were limited by restrictions, the beginning of a new struggle and not the end of the old? I will conclude with a single sentence from a source entitled to respect, ‘Surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird.’ ”—Mr. Asquith, Q.C., M.P., addressing, on Tuesday, a meeting of Clapham Gladstonians, fully acknowledged that within the limits prescribed to them the members of the Special Commission had discharged their duty impartially, laboriously, and, on the whole, successfully, but he was not prepared to take their decision upon the broader issues of political and social policy.—The contest in North St. Pancras is being carried on very vigorously, each of the two chief candidates being oratorically supported by an array of M.P.’s. One episode in the struggle is both unusual and gratifying. At a conference between Mr. Graham and Mr. Bolton, they agreed to do everything in their power to prevent the interruption of each other’s meetings. A third candidate, Mr. John Leighton, has issued an address as a Liberal Unionist, but the great majority of the members of that party are supporting Mr. Graham. The polling is fixed for Tuesday next, the 4th inst.—Mr. H. J. Cust (C), and Mr. Arthur Priestley (G), are already in the field to contest the seat in the Stamford division of Lincolnshire, vacant through the elevation to the Bench of Mr. J. C. Lawrence (C), who at the last General Election was returned unopposed. Both candidates are well-known to the constituency, and a keen contest is expected.—Mr. W. Leatham Bright (G), second son of the late Mr. John Bright, is resigning, through ill-health, his seat for Stoke-on-Trent. The Gladstonians have invited the candidature of Mr. George Leveson-Gower, a nephew of Lord Granville, who stood unsuccessfully in 1886 for North-West Staffordshire. If he accepts the invitation, the Unionists will start as their candidate Mr. W. Shepherd Alien, formerly M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyme. At the last General Election Mr. W. L. Bright had a majority of 1,162 over his Unionist opponent.

LORD WOLSELEY, speaking on Tuesday at the Annual Dinner of the North London Rifle Club, was almost optimistic in his comments on the condition of our Military and Naval Services. The navy, he said, had never been in a more efficient condition than now, and would soon be, as it ought to be, the most powerful navy in the world. There had not been in his time an army which could compare with the present one, and its excellence was partly due to the substitution of promotion by merit for promotion by seniority; a man might now live to be as old as Methuselah, but unless he was proficient in his profession he would never rise. The Volunteers were now equipped with a rifle which was second to none in the world. The Militia was in a fair way; and even the Yeomanry, which had been considered a dying-out force, had increased both in numbers and in efficiency.

and in efficiency.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL, at its meeting on Tuesday, engaged in a keen discussion on a recommendation of the Bridge Committee that the tunnel authorised by the Thames Tunnel (Blackwall) Act of 1887 should be proceeded with. Ultimately, the debate was adjourned, and, at the suggestion of the Chairman (Lord Rosebery), it was agreed that, in the meantime, all the Members of the Council should visit the locality. Afterwards, an emphatic contradiction was given to various erroneous reports respecting the provisions of the Council's Theatres Bill, among them being the entirely baseless one that every actor, actress, and performer in every public entertainment should be compelled to perform ~~under penalty of a heavy fine~~.

MISCELLANEOUS.—At the meeting, on Tuesday, of the Organising Committee of the Imperial Institute, the accounts

submitted showed that, of the total amount promised, no less than £43,984/- has actually been paid over, and that the total amount of investments in hand exceeded £80,000/- Only £4,500/- having been subscribed of the £5,000/- required for the relief of the 70 widows and 240 orphans, sufferers by the Llanerch Colliery disaster, the Lord Mayor is about to make a special appeal to the provincial Mayors to assist in raising the balance needed.—At the half-yearly meeting on Wednesday of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, Mr. Livesey, on the part of the Directors, announced a dividend of 12 per cent, which but for the strike might, he said, have been 13½ per cent.—At the meeting of the General Steam Navigation Company this week, the Chairman stated that the Company would have earned fully ten per cent, but for the strikes.—According to their newly issued report, the Jewish Board of Guardians in 1889 assisted emigration in 634 cases, while the arrivals in London were 201, so that during the year there was a diminution of 453 in the foreign Jewish population of the Metropolis.—The University of St. Andrews will open professorial classes for women in the summer of this year. The subjects of instruction will be the same as those taught to men during the winter session.—The gross value of the late Mr. Robert Browning's personal estate and effects in the United Kingdom has been sworn at £16,774/-

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of Amelia, Countess of Lauderdale, widow of the eleventh Earl; in his seventieth year, of General Sir Thomas Steele, Hon. Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, who was Military Secretary in the Crimea to Lord Raglan, and to his successor in the chief command, General Simpson, and after commanding in the Aldershot and Dublin districts, held from 1880 to 1885 the Command-in-Chief in Ireland; in his fifty-fifth year, of Sir Frederick Smythe, late Controller-General of the Ottoman Bank; in his eighty-eighth year, of Dr. Andrew Thom, formerly Judge of Rupert's Land, British North America, who, when a Canadian journalist, assisted the late Mr. Charles Buller in drawing up Lord Durham's famous report on the state of Canada; of the Rev. Croasdale Bower, Archdeacon of Christchurch, New Zealand; of Mr. Edward C. Tarrant, the oldest member of the Manx House of Keys, to which he was elected forty years ago; suddenly, of Mr. Leopold Lewis, in whose adaptation from the *Juif Polonois* of *The Bells* Mr. Irving, in 1871, achieved his first conspicuous histrionic success; in his fifty-fifth year, of Mr. John Lovell, editor of the *Liverpool Mercury* and President of the Provincial Newspaper Society; and of Miss Maud Nastel, the accomplished flower-painter.



THE debate on the Address came to a conclusion on Monday, thus appropriating the first fortnight of the Session. It would perhaps be no exaggeration to say that absolutely no useful purpose was served by this seizure on the earliest and freshest hours of the Session. The various subjects discussed, the Parnell Commission in its various aspects, Free Education, District Councils, and the eight hours' system, will each and all come up again at later stages of the Session. On Monday night the Labour Question was introduced by Mr. Cunningham Graham, and led to an unexpectedly brisk debate and division. Yet on the very next night Mr. Graham rose and asked the First Lord of the Treasury for a pledge to afford an early opportunity of recurring to the subject! In his reply Mr. Smith called attention to the fact that Mr. Graham had a motion on the paper on the subject set down for the 18th of March, while there was a Bill down for the 26th of the same month; and in spite of all this the greater portion of a night was taken up in talking around the question from the platform of an Amendment to the Address.

On various occasions during the last ten years the simple expedient of abolishing the debate on the Address has been advocated in this column. Two years ago the Government made some advance in that direction by abolishing the report stage, which saves two or three nights in the Session. Now that Lord Randolph Churchill has declared himself in favour of making away with this anachronism, useful and necessary at one time, but in the present state of things a grievous clog on the progress of business, possibly something may be done.

Whilst Lord Randolph Churchill succeeded in investing the debate on the Labour Question with some liveliness, the tail end of the debate on Free Education, introduced by Mr. Acland, in the same sudden way merged into reality. After the dinner hour, when the House had begun to fill again, Mr. Chamberlain, who had been attentive to the earlier speeches, interposed. His position was everywhere recognised as one of peculiar difficulty. He made his earliest reputation as a public man in furthering the cause of education. So recently as 1885, he had made a declaration, cited amid loud cheers by Mr. John Morley, in which he declared that it would be dishonourable in him, lowering the high tone that ought to be observed in public life, if having committed himself personally as he had done to the advocacy of Free Education, he was to take his place in any Government which excluded it from their programme. It was a tight place for a man to find himself in. But Mr. Chamberlain likes tight places, and quitted himself in this exceedingly difficult one in a way that extorted the admiration of friends and foes. He held by what he regarded as the pledge of the Government to deal with the Education Question at the earliest possible opportunity, and in the meantime he would not vote to displace a Government so committed in order to substitute one pledged to postpone not only Free Education, but other important reforms for project of constitutional change which might take an absolutely indefinite time to accomplish.

Sir William Harcourt immediately followed Mr. Chamberlain, and the House was not disappointed in a lively scene. Then came Mr. John Morley with the quotation alluded to, and finally Mr. Sexton interposed, endeavouring to give a particular passage of Mr. Morley's speech a twist that endowed with exceptional importance the way in which he and his Catholic colleagues voted in the pending division. This was, however, but a repetition of the tactics played by Mr. Sexton at the close of last Session, when, following on a chance remark by Mr. Balfour with reference to the endowment of Catholic Colleges in Ireland, he managed to throw on the Chief Secretary a responsibility which proved highly embarrassing, and was finally got rid of only by categorical repudiation. This is one of the advantages (or disadvantage) of the Twelve o'Clock Rule. At the end of an important debate, on the very eve of the division which must be called before midnight strikes or must needs be postponed, an adroit politician may throw in a few words that put a gloss upon another speech which the member concerned has no opportunity of removing. What Mr. Sexton said and what Mr. T. P. O'Connor was supposed to have done in these final moments of the debate on Free Education led to much misapprehension, not removed till the publication in Monday's papers of a brief correspondence between Mr. John Morley and Mr. Chaplin.

The first motion for the adjournment, in order to discuss a matter of urgent public importance, naturally took place on an Irish question, and was very cleverly chosen. As the division list showed,

the action of the authorities in connection with the Clongorey tenants is a little embarrassing when it comes to be defended at Westminster. Mr. Balfour, who in no circumstances varies from his attitude in standing by the agents of law and order in Ireland, put his back to the wall and defended police-magistrates and police through thick and thin. But the majority usually to be depended upon in these circumstances fell away, and in a pretty full House the Government majority was reduced to 42. The significance of this fact was brought out in a later division, when Mr. Smith, moving to appropriate Tuesday and Friday for public business, was, even in a matter so unpopular with private members, supported by a majority of 98.

Mr. Sexton told the story of the Clongorey tenants with considerably less than his customary prolixity, and therefore with considerably more than his ordinary success. He showed that the farms on which evictions had taken place had originally been strips of bog-land. They were reclaimed by the present tenants, who at first were charged no rent. Then, when they had made the land of certain value, rent was charged; and they seem to have paid it up to the year 1886, though, according to the testimony of the County Court Judge ("a Conservative in politics," as Mr. Sexton was careful to say), they could make the rent only by the additional labour of cutting turf. In 1886 the floods came, and the miserable holdings were swamped. The tenants asked for mitigation of rent, and were offered a reduction of ten per cent. Some of them, getting into Court, were awarded three times that amount by the Judge, who further recommended that arrears should be wiped out. The trustees to the landlord refused to listen to this suggestion, and, as the money was not forthcoming, eviction followed. A neighbour offered the homeless people a house room, but the police swooped down on the men preparing this, and carried them off handcuffed to prison. Sir Charles Russell followed up Mr. Sexton's narrative by lending the weight of his authority to the declaration that this proceeding was not only cruel, but was not in accordance with the law, even as it is administered in Ireland. No voice was uplifted to back up the official defence of Mr. Balfour and the Attorney-General for Ireland, and, as noted, the Ministerial majority was significantly reduced.

The Address being got out of the way, the House fell to business, and on Tuesday made gratifying progress with the Supplementary Estimates, returning yesterday and to-day (Friday) to Committee of Supply. On Wednesday private members had their first innings, but here, as elsewhere, Ireland predominated. Of the Bills standing on the Agenda, the first three related to Ireland. On one of them, dealing with the liquor question, appeared the name of Mr. Biggar, dead a week. Next week is to be given up bodily to debate on the Report of the Parnell Commission, with respect to which the paper already bristles with amendments. Mr. Smith will move a resolution approving the Report, thanking the Judges for their impartiality, and ordering the document to be entered on the Orders of the House. Then comes Mr. Gladstone with a hotly-worded amendment denouncing the whole business—stock, lock, and barrel.

LEPROSY HAS BROKEN OUT AMONG THE FRENCH CONVICTS in New Caledonia. Two temporary hospitals have been built, and Mdlle. Louise Michel proposes to go out and nurse the Communist sufferers. Apparently the convicts caught the disease from the natives, 3,000 of whom have become lepers.

SEVILLE CATHEDRAL is being thoroughly restored, thanks to the recent alarm that the whole building would collapse through the insecurity of the pillars. All the pillars and arches have been strengthened, and fresh massive foundations laid under any weak places, while the officials took the opportunity to renovate and complete the famous entrance of the Portal San Christobal, which had never been finished.

SHAKESPEARE is well appreciated by the higher-educated natives in India, and last year a large number of his plays were published in the vernacular. *As You Like It* and *The Winter's Tale* were translated into Tamil and Telegu for Madras; *The Taming of the Shrew* came out in the Punjab; and *Hamlet*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and *The Comedy of Errors* were great favourites in the North-West Provinces.

A DANISH EXPEDITION TO GREENLAND will start next summer, intending to spend two years in the Arctic regions. The Expedition is to consist of nine members under Navy-Lieutenant Ryder, provided with three strong boats and numerous sledges and dogs. During the summers they will explore the region between the 66 deg. and 73 deg. N., and in the winters they will push into the interior on sledges, while they finally hope to get down to the east coast, and meet a steamer to bring them home.

CHEAP CAB FARES are being tried in Paris for short distances. At present so many people ride in omnibuses, to save both money and arguments with uncivil drivers, that the Parisian cabs earn less money every year. The Municipal Council have been studying a variety of plans for placing dials within the vehicles which shall register the distance covered, with its proportionate fare, and thus ensure fair treatment for both driver and passenger, but as the discussion takes time, the chief cab-proprietors have started an experiment on their own account. Passengers will now be able to hire a cab at the cost of one halfpenny per minute—about 6d. a mile if the vehicle goes at a moderate rate. Thus when they only require a short drive the hirers will save considerably on the usual fare of 1/- 5d. for a "course" of any distance.

THE SITE FOR THE NEW NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY is secured at last. The Government have agreed to purchase from the County Council the vacant plot of land at Hemming's Row, Trafalgar Square, for 7,000/-, and the building will be begun directly the architect's plans are ready. Though situated at the back of the National Gallery the edifice will be entirely distinct from the former building. To avoid any incongruous appearance, however, the two buildings will be connected outwardly on the eastern side and the Grecian facade of the National Gallery will be continued round this corner. Then will come a handsome tower and the Portrait Gallery proper, a three-storied building, more in Florentine style. The Gallery will face Charing Cross Road, and will have a fine north light.

THE DUC D'ORLEANS is the hero of the latest popular song in Paris—"Ils m'ont refusé un' gamelle." The ditty celebrates the patriotism of the young Prince in the choicest Parisian slang. The Duc's captivity is likely to be rather an expensive affair if his living at Clairvaux costs as much as at the Conciergerie. A bill of 88/- was sent in for 16 days' board, such exorbitant charges being made as 1/- apiece for a chicken, a lobster, and a duck, 1/- for a rabbit, 8/- for a sole, and so forth. The restaurant-keeper justified his prices by stating that he had to keep a special cook for the Duc's meals. The young Prince's new quarters at Clairvaux were formerly occupied by Blanqui, Prince Kropotkin, and other political prisoners. Clairvaux is an old Cistercian Abbey, which was founded by S. Bernard, and lies about 150 miles south-east of Paris, a little beyond Bar-sur-Aube. The majority of the prisoners are ordinary culprits—1,700 men and 600 women, who work in the large clothing factory attached to the prisoners. The wing assigned to political prisoners contains six rooms, a court, and a garden, where the Duc can walk at will. The day room has four windows, with a fine view, but is cold and sparsely furnished. The Duc will be permitted to learn a trade, and will enjoy considerable liberty.



THE TURF.—Pleasant weather attended the first day's racing at Manchester last week. Leeds secured the Friday Hurdle Race, and Sweetbread and Sophist were also among the winners, but the principal event was the Manchester Handicap Steeplechase, which fell to Mr. H. T. Fenwick with Young Hopeful. Young Hopeful scored again next day in the Trafford Park Handicap Steeplechase, and Scope took the February Hurdle Race, but the spectators' enjoyment was marred by a thick fog. Why Not was in most demand for the Grand National at the time of writing, with Ilex next in order. Modele and Sweetbriar were in equal favour for the Lincolnshire. Signorina has been suffering with her teeth, but, as she is under the experienced care of Professor Loffler, no permanent injury is to be feared.

FOOTBALL.—A very fine match was that between Oxford and Cambridge at the Queen's Club last Saturday. For three-quarters of the game the defence on either side was so good that nothing was scored, and it looked as if last year's draw was going to be repeated. Then, however, Oxford scored a goal. This reverse, instead of disheartening the Cantabs, put them on their mettle. Their forwards played up with tremendous determination, and within the last quarter of an hour put on three goals, and once more won the match for Cambridge. Perhaps the best individual play was shown by Jackson, the Oxford back, but all were good.—The absence of their University players left the Corinthians somewhat weak, for their match against 3rd Lanark, and but for the stubborn defence of the brothers Walters and Moon they would have been beaten by more than two goals to love. Of other Association matches we may note the victories, in League contests, of Accrington over Everton, and of the Blackburn Rovers over Burnley, with the consequent mobbing of the referee by the Burnley partisans; the defeat in the final tie of the Scotch Cup of Vale of Leven by Queen's Park (winners also in 1874, 1875, 1876, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1884, and 1886); and the defeat of Sheffield Wednesday by Notts County in their replayed English Cup-tie.—Rugbywise, Yorkshire had their revenge upon the Rest of England. Stoddart's recent injury kept him from playing, and will, it is feared, prevent him from representing England against Scotland. The latter will play the same team as defeated Ireland on Saturday. London Scottish beat Richmond, Oxford University Old Cheltonians, and Blackheath Kensington.

BILLIARDS.—The All-in Tournament at the Aquarium was practically settled on Saturday, when Peall defeated Mitchell with ridiculous ease. The latter had evidently come in for a spell of bad luck, for on Monday night he enabled F. Bennett to score his only victory. The spot-barred game between Roberts and Stanley dragged terribly. Some livelier play may be expected next week, when the Champion (spot-barred) plays Mitchell (allowed 43 spots in a break).

ROWING.—The Cambridge crew have had the misfortune to have their stroke and another oarsman away ill, and have been thrown back somewhat in their work. Accordingly the odds have risen to two to one on Oxford, whose practice has hitherto been uninterrupted by any such accidents. The Dark Blues go to Taplow next Tuesday for a fortnight.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Some account of the Waterloo Cup will be found among "Our Illustrations."—Both combatants having scored nine games, it was decided to draw the Chess Match at Havana between Messrs. Tschigorin and Gunsberg. The latter, it is said, will now tackle M. Steinitz.—Much surprise was caused at the Queen's Club last week by the defeat of Mr. W. Renshaw in the Invitation Lawn Tennis Handicap by a hitherto almost unknown player, Mr. H. Castle, to whom he conceded fifteen and two-fourths. The winner, however, was easily beaten in the final at the same odds by Mr. E. W. Lewis.

THUNDERSTORMS are more frequent in Java than in any other part of the globe. On an average they occur in the island on ninety-seven days of the year. In England the average marks thunderstorms on about seven days in the year—only half the number recorded in France.

THE NEWSPAPERS NOW PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM number 2,234, of which 185 are daily journals. England produces 1,768, including 478 belonging to London alone; Scotland has 194; Ireland, 160; Wales, 89; and the various Isles 23. Forty-four years ago, the "Newspaper Press Directory" tells us, there were only 551 newspapers in the Kingdom, including 14 dailies—12 in England and 2 in Ireland. There are 1,752 magazines and periodicals in circulation, 430 being of distinctly religious character.

A TRAMP TOWNSHIP has been established quite recently in the empty coke-ovens of the great Pennsylvanian coal regions between Pittsburg and Johnstown. Living rent free, the denizens of Coke-ville also procure both the luxuries and the necessities of life gratis. Their coke-oven dwellings—or "roosts" as they call them—are fitted up with stoves, beds, mirrors, and other furniture stolen from the neighbouring farmers. Every night foraging parties visit the farms and houses for miles round, and help themselves to fowls, vegetables, meat, eggs, bread, and so forth. The provisions are then equally divided amongst the colony, now swelled to some four and five hundred tramps, who are also on the look-out to rob the railroad freight-cars when convenient. The local police are too weak to cope with the intruders, while the owners of the ovens are afraid to move in the matter, lest the tramps should raid on their works. However, the neighbouring farmers have suffered so much that a serious attempt will be made to rid the district of these freebooters.

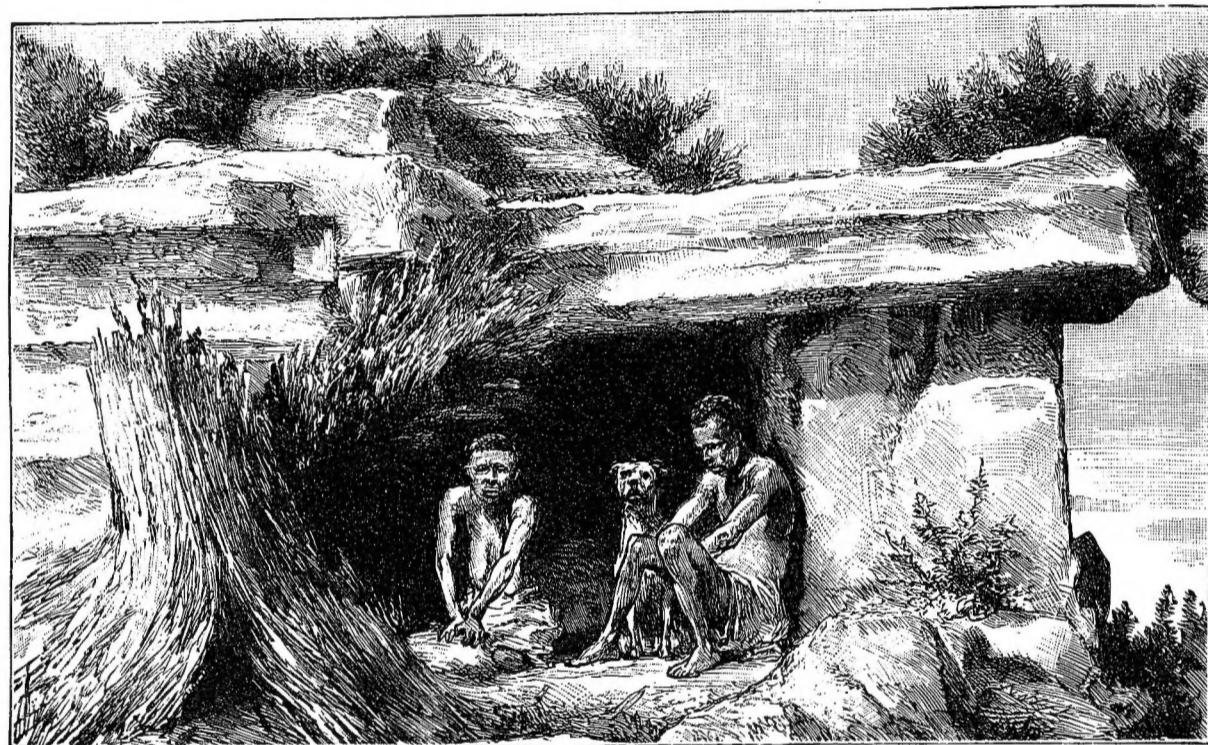
A GROUP OF EXHIBITIONS.—The prospects of the forthcoming Edinburgh Exhibition are very bright. Owing to the large sums offered for the refreshment and other concessions, it is hoped that the whole cost of construction, &c., will be covered without touching the admission-money. Three times the space available has been applied for, and France, Italy, and Austria will be specially well represented, together with India, China, and Japan. During the course of the Exhibition, electric launches will run every ten minutes on the Union Canal, passing the building.—Turning from home to the Colonies, the Jamaica Exhibition proposed for next January promises equally well. The scheme has been taken up warmly, and the promoters want to induce Prince George of Wales to visit the island for the occasion, and open the Exhibition in his father's name.—The Royal Military Exhibition in London this May is to include a loan collection of band instruments, arranged to illustrate the chronological and historical development of military music in England and the Continent. A Tug-of-War Tournament will also interest visitors. Members of the Regular, Militia, Volunteer, and Yeomanry forces will compete for a Challenge Cup and money prizes, the trials being held twice weekly between teams of ten men.—Finally, an Exhibition of British-made Fans is to be held in May at Drapers' Hall, under the auspices of the Fan-Makers' Company.



BEFORE DESCENDING A DIAMOND MINE



JUST GOING TO DESCEND



"BUSHMEN" OR CAVE-DWELLERS

"HIS LAST WALK"—THE LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER  
AND A VICTIM

Lord Charles Beresford

MR. SHEPSTONE AND HIS RUNNERS



THE QUEEN OF THE SWAZIES

Drawn from Life

WITH THE JOINT COMMISSION IN SWAZILAND



DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

The two persons whose dancing had been thus suddenly interrupted by Mr. Hawkins's entrance stood in the centre of the room.

# “MADAME LEROUX”

*"Too early seen unknown, and known too late."*—ROMEO AND JULIET.

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &c.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE answer to Mr. Shard's letter to his cousin arrived without loss of time; and he at once had another interview with Lady Charlotte.

"I don't let the grass grow under my feet, my lady," said he, with an air of triumph. "But there will be some expense attending the affair. Londoners are keen after the main chance—very! And I don't altogether blame them, Lady Charlotte. We must all live; and doing professional work gratis is too expensive a luxury for a poor man—ha, ha, ha!"

“But it is a luxury—it is a great luxury!” as though regretting

"I have told you," replied her ladyship, "that we shall be willing to meet any reasonable charges in order to place Miss Marston in a respectable position."

is a fair division of labour!" and he chuckled to himself and rattled the halfpence in his pockets as he walked homeward.

departure, Lucy had taken the habit of retiring to the schoolroom after dinner, and there spending the hours until bedtime in solitude.

solitude.

This proceeding, although in some respects it was a great relief to Lady Charlotte, did not meet with her approbation. It struck her as offensively self-asserting. Miss Marston ought to have asked permission to absent herself. But, in truth, whatever poor Lucy did, or left undone, was sure to be distasteful to Lady Charlotte; and Mr. Shard—whose shrewd comprehension of low motives was only matched by his obtuse incapacity for believing in lofty ones—had been literally correct when he judged that Lady Charlotte's dislike to Lucy was embittered by her lurking shame at feeling

"You will not object to spare me half an hour, Miss Marston?" said her ladyship, when Lucy was about to slip out of the room. "Oh, no! I—I should like to remain. I would always remain if I thought—" Lucy stopped short, finding it difficult to finish her sentence.

pause. At length Lady Charlotte said, "Do you mind telling me what are your plans for the future?"

"Perhaps," said Lady Charlotte, somewhat less icily, "you have not formed any definite ones?"

"I—I have lately been trying to think of the future. I dare say I ought to have done so sooner. I have been too much of a child hitherto; of course I am not really a child."

"You are very young, but—no, certainly not a child. I understand that you have no fortune—nothing to depend upon?"

"I have no money at all. My father—Mr. Marston—meant to provide for me; I am quite sure it was not his fault. But when my Uncle Shard came to look into his accounts he found them in

"Well, that is a pity; but it is not a unique case. And you

"Lady Jane was very good to me," answered Lucy. A catching

in her breath warned her that any attempt to continue the sentence would cause her to break down; and she was resolved not to break down before Lady Charlotte if it were possible to avoid it.

“—a little paler, and looked up quickly, but said

"Miss Feltham will not accompany us; Sir Lionel thinks it time

that she should rest from her labours. She will probably go to live with some of her own family, and retire from teaching altogether."

Lady Charlotte pausing here, Lucy asked her, "Is that what my uncle wished you to say to me?"

"He wished me to make you understand that Enderby Court will be shut up for the winter."

"I understand that," answered Lucy.

Something in her tone irritated Lady Charlotte. She threw back her head in her haughtiest fashion as she replied, "Mr. Shard also begged me to tell you that I had given him my advice as to what had best be done for you. He is a very respectable and sensible man, and I did not refuse; but I warned him that my approval would probably not weigh with you." She stopped here, as if expecting Lucy to protest; but the latter remaining silent, her ladyship went on. "Mr. Shard asked me what I thought of your getting a situation as teacher in a good school. I told him I thought the idea an excellent one. Beyond that, of course, I cannot interfere. Your own view of the matter you will, no doubt, communicate to Mr. Shard; I have told you what he desired."

Lucy rose up from her chair. "I wish to earn my bread," she said, clasping her hands together, and speaking in a low, strained voice. "I mean to earn my bread."

"One moment, if you please!" exclaimed Lady Charlotte, stretching out her finely-modelled hand and arm, from which the black-lace sleeve fell back in the movement. "I have complied with Mr. Shard's request. Now I wish to say something from myself." Here she made a long pause, keeping her hand stretched out to detain Lucy, and her eyes fixed thoughtfully on the carpet. Now that her will was about to prevail, she would fain have said a word of kindness to the girl. Victory for her own views, plans, and caprices must be gained at all costs. But that once achieved, she had no delight in inflicting pain. And she felt herself ill-used if outward submission to her will were accompanied by an internal protest against it.

At length she looked up, and said, speaking in a far gentler manner than before, "My niece is much attached to you, and I am willing to believe the attachment is mutual. Indeed, I am sure that you are very fond of Mildred. It would be strange if you were not."

"It would be incredible, Lady Charlotte. No one could believe it."

"Nevertheless, your paths in life must inevitably diverge as the years go on. I do not say that you will never meet; but, naturally, it is impossible that you should be always together."

Lucy bent her head without speaking.

"Now, Mildred is much younger than you are, and not so well able to realise the necessity you are under of—of establishing yourself in some respectable situation. If you wish to spare her unavailing regrets, you will make the best, and not the worst, of the position. I presume you understand me?" added Lady Charlotte, after vainly waiting some seconds for a reply.

"Yes; I believe I thoroughly understand you."

"No doubt it will be painful to you to leave Enderby Court. I quite enter into that feeling. You may rely upon it that Sir Lionel and I will always be ready to assist you and to promote your welfare."

But Lucy, although she could make a sacrifice, was unable to pretend that it was no sacrifice at all. Her indignation against Lady Charlotte flamed out suddenly. One word of appeal *ad misericordiam* would have touched Lady Charlotte at that moment, and might have changed the whole course of subsequent events. But Lucy was far too hotly indignant to make it. She stood up opposite to the great lady, pale and trembling with emotion, but quite undaunted.

"I know I may rely on Sir Lionel's kindness, I have known it all my life," she said, haughtily.

Lady Charlotte absolutely made an effort of self-control, and replied, with mildness—

"And you do not think that I also wish to befriend you?"

"I cannot tell a falsehood. You have never been kind to me, Lady Charlotte; I think you have treated me harshly and unjustly. But you need not be afraid that I shall ever say so to Mildred, or that I shall try to make her more unhappy than she must be at first in parting from me. I love her too well for that. It would be very mean and selfish to complain to her of what she cannot help. I am not ungrateful by nature—I know I am not; but I feel no gratitude to you, Lady Charlotte, for throwing me a kind word now, just at the last, after having acted so cruelly as you have done; and I do not believe you care one straw what becomes of me."

And Lucy marched out of the room with head erect and eyes flashing, to burst into a passion of bitter tears inside the locked door of her chamber.

But she did not lack courage, and after the first outbreak of feeling she resolved to look the future steadily, if not cheerfully, in the face. It was no hardship to earn her bread; it seemed to her, indeed, a far happier lot than to pass her days as an inmate of the Shard household. They should all see that she was neither selfish nor cowardly. She would make no appeal for sympathy; she would beg for no man's compassion. She behaved with a firmness that surprised Mr. Shard. The truth was, that her indignation against Lady Charlotte helped her marvellously to keep a brave front. She could harden herself against hardness—but a tender word, or a loving look, would have broken the poor child down.

It does not concern this chronicle to inquire particularly what law business demanded Mr. Shard's presence in London two days after his second interview with Lady Charlotte. That he had some appeared by the fact of his charging the cost of his journey, among other items, to two or three clients—doubtless to their ultimate advantage. But he also had a private and personal motive for going to town at this period, and for visiting his cousin Adolphus in his "office" at Great Portland Street.

Mr. Shard travelled light on these occasions—a small bag of some black glazed material, which he carried in his hand, usually comprising the whole of his luggage. In this easy marching order he appeared in Great Portland Street, where his cousin made him welcome in the dark den on the ground floor, and regaled him with a feast of reason and a flow of London porter from a pewter pot.

The popping of champagne corks had been heard there often enough; but the present was a season of temporary eclipse with Mr. Hawkins. That gentleman, however, with the true instinct of hospitality, shared whatever liquor was going with his friends, quite regardless of ostentation. Partly, no doubt, from a more genial temperament, and partly, also, from the habit of a life whose motto and practice was *Carpe diem*, Mr. Hawkins never indulged in those minutiæ of covetousness and avarice which occupied so large a share of Mr. Shard's attention. He was greedy enough in theory; but in practice his greed was a sieve, through which small sums were sifted and disappeared; and in which no big golden nuggets had as yet been caught—although Mr. Hawkins was sanguine of netting thousands of pounds sterling by every fresh speculation.

Herein, as in most other characteristics, he differed entirely from our friend Jacob Shard. Mr. Hawkins had begun his education at Eton, and although it had been abruptly broken off before he was sixteen, yet some flavour of those days still clung to him. He had passed many years of his youth on the Continent (whither his father, a wine merchant in a large way of business, had retired after a bankruptcy which his angry creditors had called fraudulent), and Adolphus spoke French and Spanish fluently.

In person, also, the two cousins were sharply contrasted: their only point of resemblance being in the shape and colour of their light grey eyes, and a way of creasing up the lower eyelid when they smiled or laughed. Shard was tall, loose-jointed, and shambling; dishevelled about the head, and grimy about the hands. Hawkins was of the middle height, compactly built, close cropped as a soldier, clean-shaven as a comedian, and with white, well-cared-for, rather flaccid-looking hands, on whose fingers he wore one or two handsome cameo rings.

The convivial stage of their interview was not reached until after office hours. Up to four o'clock, once a week, the agent and secretary to the Pelican Beneficent Private Loan Society was bound to attend to the business of that admirable institution. This day happening to be Wednesday—the same which Mr. Shard had chosen for his visit—his cousin bade him ensconce himself in a corner, and gave him a copy of the day before yesterday's *Times* to beguile his half-hour of waiting. But Shard, hidden behind the printed sheet, watched with unwinking keenness every detail of the several interviews which he witnessed.

While he sat there, as many as half-a-dozen persons, carrying little yellow account books, dropped in. These were the last stragglers. The great bulk of visitors had come and gone long ago. Almost all the borrowers belonged to the shabby-genteel classes; but they exhibited a great variety of character and demeanour. Some who brought the full interest on their loan, deposited it with a heavy sigh and a wistful look on the ledge of Mr. Hawkins's desk. Others held whispered conversations with him pleading for time. Most of them had a harassed, depressed, and hopeless look, as they turned to leave the office. But one stout lady, very florid of face and dazzling in attire, volubly declared her inability to pay what she owed within thirty shillings, and announced her intention of "making it hot" for somebody if she were hardly pressed.

"Don't tell me about directors and Boards, Mr. 'Awkins," said this dame, "that's all gammon, and you know it, and I know it, and you know that I know it. The whole plant is a speculation of the old party in Lamb's Conduit Street, and he's Board, and treasurer, and auditor, and director, and everything else. Talk of Jews! I pity any poor innocent Jew that falls into his claws and clutches, that's all I know! Pretty kind of usury, ain't it? Somewhere about a hundred and fifty per cent, I should think, when you come to reckon up his charges for the books—worth about two-pence-halfpenny a gross, to look at 'em!—and the secretary—that's you, Mr. 'Awkins; and I dare say you don't get fat on it. Trust our friend in Lamb's Conduit Street for that!—and stamps, and stationery, and inquiries, and reports, and all manner of humbug. I was a fool to have anything to do with your blessed Pelican-cormorant's more like it! I've paid up fair and square so far, and if I'm thirty shillings short this month I don't care who knows it. And if our friend in Lamb's Conduit Street tries to put the screw on, or come any of his games with me, I'll tell my husband, and he'll write to the papers and show up the whole caboodle; and old Shylock won't like that, for certain good reasons best known to himself, and so you may tell him, Mr. 'Awkins, with my compliments." And the angry woman, whose eloquence had flushed her cheeks with a glow which made her rouge superfluous, flounced out of the little back room, and along the passage, and out at the front door, which she closed with a vigorous bang, that made the house vibrate.

Shard looked out from behind his paper, screwing up his eyes, and drawing up his shoulders with the action of a man trying to dodge a blow. "Who's your friend?" said he. "Powerful speaker, and no mistake!"

Mr. Hawkins smiled slightly, as he gathered up his papers and locked them in his desk. "She's the wife of a publican," he answered, "and by no means a bad sort of woman. She has a scapegrace son by a former marriage, and came to us to borrow twenty pounds unknown to her present husband, to help the lad out of a tight place. One way and another she has paid the loan, principal and interest, twice over. But she appears to be getting tired of the Pelican's playful ways. I don't think our friend in Lamb's Conduit Street will get much more out of Mrs. Bruin—that's her euphonious name."

"I suppose, then, that what she said about the company consisting of one man is pretty true, eh?"

Hawkins nodded carelessly.

"It must be a snug sort of business for a quiet party of retiring habits to be a Beneficent Pelican," observed Shard, thoughtfully.

"It's an infernally low sort of business to be a Beneficent Pelican's secretary," returned his cousin. "However, that's the last of 'em for to-day, please the pigs! And now I can attend to you quietly."

Mr. Hawkins had already written to Westfield, stating that he had no doubt of being able to find a suitable place for Lucy; and he now repeated this assurance, setting forth how many advantages his extensive connection gave him for this purpose. "My wife has occasionally given lessons herself in very first-class quarters," he said; "and you couldn't have a better introduction than hers."

This was all very well; but Shard desired to know how soon the matter was likely to be settled.

"Is there any particular hurry?" asked Mr. Hawkins.

"Well, yes; there is," answered his cousin; for it had been understood, if not expressed, between himself and Lady Charlotte that it was desirable to get Lucy away before Mildred's return to the Court.

"Who is the girl?" asked Hawkins.

"An orphan, whom my wife's sister and her husband chose to adopt, and then left on my hands without a penny to bless herself with."

"Oh! No relation of yours?"

"None in the world. It's rather hard on me. I've been at a good deal of expense for her as it is, one way and another. However, as long as the family at the Court—our big people down at Westfield—were there, she was, to a considerable extent, off my hands; for they took a good deal of notice of her, and had her there for weeks at a time. But they're going abroad, and she's left high and dry; so it is absolutely necessary to get her something to do. Charity begins at home. I've plenty to do with my hard-earned income without supporting other folks' children that are neither kin nor kin to me."

"Of course!" assented Mr. Hawkins, with a keen, quick glance at the other man. Then he added, after an instant's hesitation, "I suppose there's nothing wrong with the girl in any way?"

"Wrong with her! What should be wrong with her? She's as good a girl as ever breathed; and a perfect lady into the bargain. I tell you she's an intimate friend of the biggest swells in the county."

"All right, all right!"

"First rate education, too, as I wrote to you. Mrs. Hawkins needn't be afraid of cutting a bad figure by recommending her; don't make any mistake about that! It'll be a feather in her cap, I can tell you. Schoolmistresses don't often have a chance of getting hold of such a first class kind of girl as Lucy."

"Lucy, eh? What's her other name?"

"Smith," answered Mr. Shard. "Lucy Smith. That was her parents' name, and the only one she's a right to."

"Good safe name, Smith," observed Mr. Hawkins, carelessly. Then, after a little silent reflection, he said, "Look here! Why shouldn't the girl come to us at once? My wife would look after her for a week or two; and she's sure to be able to place her

within that time. Safe as the day! Indeed, two or three opportunities have offered already. But Marie is particular. She'll pick and choose."

The fact was, that the premium offered in one of Mr. Shard's letters had been so handsome that Hawkins was unwilling to let the affair slip through his fingers. He knew his cousin well enough to feel sure that the money would not come out of his pocket; and if there were rich people in the background, the connection might be a valuable one.

Shard jumped at the proposal. And the only part of the negotiation which remained to be concluded was the sum to be paid to the Hawkins's for their services. As to this, a good deal of haggling ensued. The price asked for Lucy's board was agreed to without much difficulty. But the percentage on the premium to be paid for Lucy's reception into a good school was the subject of a tougher battle. And let it not be supposed that Jacob Shard was fighting to spare Sir Lionel's purse. No one had more liberal ideas than he on the subject of other people's expenditure. But he intended to get something for himself out of the transaction; and reflected, with great justice, that the more the Hawkins's had, the less would remain for him!

However, after some discussion, they came to terms, and the bargain was struck. And then Mr. Hawkins invited his cousin to come upstairs and see "Marie."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

As the two men ascended the stairs to the first-floor, the sounds of a piano, brilliantly played, were heard; and it was, moreover, evident that some one was dancing there. The music and the dancing stopped simultaneously, as Mr. Hawkins threw open the drawing-room door.

It was a good-sized room, with furniture which had once been handsome, but was sadly the worse for wear. The chairs, and one or two light tables, were pushed back against the wall, so as to leave a clear space in the middle of the room.

At the piano was seated a pretty woman of about thirty years old, with a piquant little turned-up nose, and a wide, fair forehead, from which the hair was drawn back, and piled in elaborate coils and curls of shining bronze, on the top of her head. This style of head-dress, which displayed the smooth brow, together with a pair of widely opened, light blue eyes, gave her face an engaging expression of almost infantine candour. Her dress, of a dark green woollen material, was plain, but admirably cut; and on her plump white fingers sparkled several costly rings.

The two persons whose dancing had been thus suddenly interrupted by Mr. Hawkins's entrance stood in the centre of the room; the lady's hand still on her partner's shoulder. The said partner was a slender, gracefully-built man, with remarkably small and delicate hands and feet. His dark, mobile, and intelligent face was lighted by a pair of singularly brilliant eyes which sparkled underneath a bush of wavy jet black hair. The lady was a girl little over twenty. Her face was plain, and of an Asiatic type; high cheek-bones, wide across the temples, sallow in colour, and with narrow dark eyes set somewhat obliquely in the head. But her figure was exquisitely proportioned, and she was remarkably graceful.

Jacob Shard thought this a very queer trio, and glanced furtively from one to the other, in some embarrassment. But there was no trace of embarrassment in any other member of the party.

"Oh it's you, Uncle Adolphe!" said the girl. "I was just trying to teach Zephyrus the new waltz step. If he goes to this big City ball to-morrow, he ought to know it."

"Sorry to interrupt such important business," returned Mr. Hawkins.

And then he said a few words in Spanish, to the man, who laughed, showing a magnificent range of white, short, faultlessly even teeth, and retired to one of the long windows opening on to a balcony, where the young lady presently joined him. The lady at the piano rose, and came forward.

"This is my cousin, Jacob Shard, Marie," said Hawkins. "I don't remember whether you have ever met my wife, Shard?"

Mrs. Hawkins bowed, smiled, and held out her pretty hand. "How do you do? I am very glad to see you," said she, speaking with the faintest imaginable foreign accent.

"Mr. Shard and I have been settling that affair about the young lady who wants to be a teacher," said her husband.

"Oh yes?"

"I had to drive a hard bargain on your behalf, Marie, I can tell you!" pursued Mr. Hawkins, jocularly. "I told him the matter was chiefly in your hands; and that you would expect a proper remuneration for your trouble. But Shard, here, is an awful screw!"

"I wish you were an awful screw, Adolphe. I am, or I don't know what would become of us," observed the lady, in flute-like tones.

"There, you see I was right! Marie insists on her bond," said Hawkins, with an amused smile at his cousin.

"Dame! Je crois bien!" exclaimed Marie.

"My cousin doesn't speak French, my dear. And"—with a glance at Shard's startled face—"I think you had better stick to English in talking with him; or he may fancy you're saying I don't know what!"

There was a general burst of laughter at this; for it was clear Mr. Shard had mistaken the lady's exclamation for an English expletive not commonly obtruded on ears polite.

Shard was confused. These people puzzled him. They were of a kind which had hitherto not come within his experience. Mrs. Hawkins, however, exerted herself to set him at his ease; and, to a great extent, she succeeded. Her method was simple. She displayed a sustained interest in hearing Mr. Shard talk about himself.

At length he declared he must go, having a business appointment in Gray's Inn; and Mr. Hawkins volunteered to walk part of the way with him. "And," said he, "since you don't return to the country to-night, come back and eat a bit of dinner with us at eight o'clock. Marie will expect you."

"Oh, yes; I hope you will come. As to what you would call dinner, I cannot promise. But there will be something to eat and something to drink," said Marie, placidly.

"And by that time Fatima will have finished her dancing lesson, and be ready to talk to you about your *protégé*, Miss Lucy Smith. The two girls will make friends, I have no doubt."

The cousins went down stairs together, after Shard had willingly promised to return at eight o'clock. "Have a weed?" said Hawkins, stepping into his office and rummaging out a bundle of cigars from beneath some papers in a drawer. "I think you'll say that's an uncommonly neat article. Never paid duty; but that don't spoil the flavour."

"What a remarkably charming woman your wife is, Dolph!" said Mr. Shard, as he struck a light.

"Right you are! She's an uncommonly gifted creature, is Marie. Terribly lost, poor girl, in our present position. But we mean, in the words of the poet, to 'Wait till the clouds roll by,' and between you and me, I don't think we shall have to wait long."

"Is Mrs. Hawkins an Englishwoman?"

"Oh, yes; English-born. But she was educated in Paris."

"And that young lady—Miss—what was it you called her?"

Mr. Hawkins was biting at the end of his cigar and answered through his teeth, "Oh, Fatima? Connection of Marie's by the father's side. Indian blood in her veins, as you can see. Confound these matches! They're all damp."

Mr. Shard's curiosity was not yet appeased, and he pursued his interrogations as the two men walked along the street together. "I suppose," said he, peering sideways at his cousin, "that she's engaged to that foreign gentleman?"

Hawkins burst out laughing. "Engaged! Lord bless your heart, nothing of the sort! Zephyny's old enough to be her father, and has known her ever since she was in short petticoats. Besides, Fatima must marry a man with some money, if she ever marries at all. And Zephyny is at the present moment down on his luck. He's lodging with us. Very clever fellow. I'll go with you to the end of the street."

After walking a few paces, smoking in silence, Shard inquired, "What nation does he belong to?"

"Humph! Well, that's rather a puzzle. There's a Hebrew strain in him; and I fancy a little Arab. But his father was a German; mother a Spaniard; born at Gibraltar; brought up in Europe, Asia, and Africa generally; speaks sixteen languages. You must settle his nationality for yourself."

"Sixteen languages!" echoed Shard in amazement.

"Ten of 'em like a native. Bye-bye! See you at eight."

Mr. Hawkins waved his hand and turned away. Jacob Shard proceeded towards Gray's Inn with his mind a good deal bewildered. He was familiar with a great many varieties of the respectable classes; and with not a few of the criminal ones. But Bohemia was as utterly unknown to him as the other side of the moon. Its inhabitants, on this first view of them, appeared to have agreeable manners, and to be given to hospitality. Their easy exercise of this virtue would have excited his contempt more strongly had he not recollect Dolph's keenness about the bargain, and Marie's frankly-expressed determination to get all she could out of it.

Then he thought of the dancing lesson; of Fatima, with her Asiatic face and outlandish name; of Dolph's stormy interview with Mrs. Bruin downstairs, while his wife's jewelled fingers were rattling through a brilliant waltz in the drawing-room; and the upshot of his meditations was formulated in the following sentence, which he repeated to himself more than once:

"Take 'em in the lump, they're as rum a lot as I ever came across in my life; if not runnier!"

This opinion was not modified by the entertainment he found awaiting him at eight o'clock. The table was spread in a parlour on the ground-floor, behind which was the office. The furniture in this room, like that in the drawing-room, had once been costly; but was now desperately shabby, soiled, and worn. Nevertheless the cloth was white, and the table appointments—although no two articles appeared to belong to each other—looked bright and clean; and there was a goodly array of bottles on the sideboard.

Fatima, who entered the room, just as the company was sitting down to table, appeared with a flush on her sallow face, due to the action of the kitchen-fire.

"There was rather short commons," explained the mistress of the house, not at all apologetically, but just as she might have remarked that it had begun to rain. "And Fatima volunteered to make us an *omelette au jambon*. It's one of the things she does best. I hope you can eat it, Mr. Shard, because there is nothing else except some cold roast mutton. Oh, yes; by the way, there is half a terrine of *pâté de foie gras* somewhere in the sideboard. Get it out, will you, Adolphe?"

Marie presided over this heterogeneous repast with as much graceful self-possession as though it had been a dinner complete enough at all points to satisfy the eyes of Mrs. Grundy, and the palate of Brillat Savarin.

She had changed her dress; and looked very charming in a black silk gown made open at the throat, and sparingly trimmed with some very fine old lace. Fatima was much shabbier; but she, too, had smartened her attire, and wore a knot of scarlet ribbon in the wonderfully massive plaits of her blue-black hair.

The man whom Shard had seen in the morning was present, and was introduced as Monsieur Ferdinand Zephyny. And when they were half-way through dinner, there entered a big, bullet-headed Irishman, with cropped hair and a heavy moustache, who looked like a private of dragoons, but who was, it appeared, a literary and artistic character, of versatile talents, rejoicing in the name of Harrington Jersey. But this, as Mr. Hawkins explained in a whisper to his cousin, was not his real appellation. "Merely a *nom de guerre*, you know. Sounds well. I fancy his father was called Mulrooney. But I'm not sure, and it don't matter."

The new comer was bidden to take a plate and knife and fork for himself from the sideboard; which he did in an easy, matter-of-course way. The servant-maid had disappeared after bringing in the dishes, and the guests were left to help themselves and each other to the food before them.

The novelty of the scene, and of the society, did not prevent Mr. Shard from eating a very sufficient dinner. There was plenty of variety in the liquors furnished. Besides bitter beer and stout, there were several odd bottles of wine of different vintages, and finally, with some excellent black coffee—which Fatima slipped out of the room to prepare with her own hands—there was handed round a bottle of old Cognac by way of liqueur.

Mr. Shard grew quite hilarious towards the end of the repast. The food and drink had been very much to his liking, and he was not fastidious as to the manner of serving it. But what diffused a peculiar glow of satisfaction over the whole entertainment was the fact that he was partaking of it gratis: Mr. Shard being persuaded that the true secret of convivial enjoyment is to feast at some one else's expense.

But he was not too much engrossed with his dinner to listen to all that he could catch of the conversation going on around him. One name which he heard mentioned very frequently was that of a certain Frampton Fennell, whom Mr. Jersey appeared to hate undisguisedly. Mrs. Hawkins twitted Jersey with being jealous of this person, and there was a good deal of jesting and sparring between them.

"Who's this, now, eh?" asked Shard, of his neighbour Fatima, who answered his questions with perfect civility.

"A critic," said Fatima.

"Oh! Great man, eh?"

"No; he does not write for any important publication. I shouldn't think it matters much what he says. Only Jersey and he always quarrel."

"Is it jealous?" burst out Mr. Jersey's robust tenor voice, at this moment, "Me jealous of Frumpy Fennell? Faith, Mrs. Hawkins, if you'd tell him that, you'd administer the biggest lump of blarney that's ever gone down even *his* greedy gullet."

"You ought not to abuse him, when you know there is such a great friendship between him and the Leroux," said Marie, smiling archly at him across the table.

"Friendship, indeed! 'Tis all on one side then, like the Bridgenorth election! No, no: he may brag as he likes, but Madame has far too much brains to be taken in by that vapouring vain little villain. She's the cleverest woman I ever met with in all my life—present company always excepted."

"Oh you need not make that exception, I don't set up to be clever."

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Hawkins," answered Jersey, gravely, "but you misunderstood me. 'Twas Fatima I was thinking of."

There was a general laugh at Marie's expense, in which she joined with perfect good humour. "I had *agace'd* you, and tit for tat is all fair," said she, shrugging her pretty shoulders.

"Hear, hear!" cried Jacob Shard, in a high-pitched falsetto. "Capital! That's the way to take things!" Then in a lower key, confidentially to his neighbour, "A woman with temper and tact like your aunt's might do any mortal thing she'd a mind to."

"Marie is my cousin," corrected Fatima.

"Cousin, is she? But I thought you called Dolph 'Uncle'!"

"Yes; because he is so much older than either of us."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Well, your cousin is superior to the generality of her sex in one respect—if you'll excuse me for saying so. Women are apt to be huffy. That's a great weakness. There's no greater obstacle to making your way in the world than being huffy. But Mrs. Hawkins knows better. Remarkably charming woman, indeed! And this clever lady they're talking about now—I'd lay a wager she's not cleverer than your cousin!—this Madame Loooro, or whatever they call her—who may she be?"

"Madame Leroux? She is a very brilliant woman. Every one says so. She's at the head of a fashionable school."

"Oh! Widow, I conclude, from their talking about her admirers, eh?"

Poor Fatima's experience of life in the Hawkins' household had taught her to look on the truth as something dangerous and disintegrating—something which might blow them all into the air like gunpowder, if rashly uncovered, or handled without due precautions. She already had some misgiving that she had been too frank. Therefore, instead of making any categorical answer to Mr. Shard, she made a little movement of the head, which he might interpret as he pleased, and murmuring something about seeing to the lights in the drawing-room, she rose from her chair and quietly left the room.

The rest of the evening passed in a manner equally agreeable to Mr. Shard. When the company went upstairs, there was music. Mrs. Hawkins sang French *chansonettes* with a tiny thread of voice, but with great expression and vivacity. Mr. Jersey gave them some of Moore's Irish ballads, and Fatima played the piano with *verve*, although not much science.

This concert might not have proved so enjoyable to Mr. Shard, but for the circumstance that he was allowed to smoke while he listened to it. All the men smoked—Mr. Jersey a meerschaum, Mr. Hawkins a cigar, and Zephyny a delicately fragrant cigarette. It certainly was rather a shock to the lawyer to see Marie and Fatima each accept a cigarette from Zephyny's case, and proceed to smoke it with perfect nonchalance. But he set down the proceeding to foreign manners, and condoned it.

It appeared to him, from all the conversation he heard, that the Hawkins's acquaintance comprised a great number of accomplished and distinguished persons. He had no criterion by which to judge their pretensions, and was credulous enough in some departments of human thought. The two conditions which at once aroused his hostile suspicion were—being required to believe in noble natures, and being asked for money.

(To be continued)



ONE of the most delightful books of the season is "Old Country Life," by S. Baring Gould (Methuen and Co.). All the characteristics of that quiet and placid life in the country, which is now becoming one of the things of the past, are touched on with a loving and masterly hand. The squire and the parson, with their pleasant houses and gardens; the villages, with their notable men, their musicians, and their bards; and, lastly, the little country towns, with their leisurely shopkeepers and the dower houses of the neighbouring gentry, are drawn as they existed in the remote country districts within the memory of middle-aged men. While telling many good stories of the eccentricities of Parson Jack Russell, and of the original of Parson Chowne, Mr. Baring Gould, however, reminds us that there were men among the clergy of the past generation of quite a different type, and puts in a plea for the good simple-minded old scholar who spent perhaps fifty years of hard, but unobtrusive, work in his lonely parish without making himself a name amongst men; while the delinquencies of the bottle-loving cleric are to this day quoted with a chuckle in the village alehouse. The "old country life" with which Mr. Baring Gould deals is almost exclusively that of Devon, and he has treated it with all the affectionate warmth of a Devon man. The illustrations are charming, and thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the book.

We have received the first volume of that magnificent book, "The Century Dictionary" (T. Fisher Unwin). This dictionary is almost encyclopaedic in its scope, and does not confine itself to the written language, but includes also the spoken language, with its colloquialisms, provincialisms, and Americanisms. It does not profess to decide what words ought to be used, but records the forms that are actually in use, and, as is natural in a work of American origin, gives prominence to American expressions and peculiarities of spelling. To the English student it is especially useful, as it gives explanations, and frequently the origin, of American slang terms, the meaning of which is not always obvious at first sight, and also traces those words which are survivals of the older or provincial English of two or three centuries ago. The definitions are amplified by illustrations, and quotations from all periods and branches of English literature; and the printing and arrangement are admirable, the different sizes of type employed in the text materially aiding the reader. The Century Company are to be congratulated on the liberality and thoroughness with which they have begun their most comprehensive dictionary.

"John Darke's Sojourn in the Cottswolds" (Chapman and Hall), is another book of country life in the West of England. The author evidently understands the country folk and their ways, and has reproduced their dialect, their quaint turns of expression, and their homely philosophy with praiseworthy fidelity. Every one who knows the West Country will recognise many familiar types among the villagers with whom John Darke conversed, and as long as the author keeps to them and to their sayings he is excellent. When he diverges into comment and philosophy on his own account he is less entertaining.

"Australia Twice Traversed" (2 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.) is a personal record of the expeditions of Mr. Ernest Giles, who claims, with pardonable pride, to be the last of the great Australian explorers. Mr. Giles spent the greater part of five years, from 1872 to 1876, in exploring that terrible desert in the centre of Australia which separates the inhabited districts of South Australia from the settlements of Western Australia. In his first two journeys, Mr. Giles and a small party on horseback explored the very centre of the Continent in the neighbourhood of Mount Udon and Lake Amadeus, but his other expeditions were on a far larger scale, and were provided with camels supplied by Sir Thomas Elder. In the fourth expedition, which was perhaps the most important of all, the 325 miles of waterless desert between Boundary Dam and Queen Victoria's Spring were only crossed by the help of the camels. The line of this journey lay straight from Lake Torrens to Perth across the Australian Desert, and after resting a few months at Perth the indefatigable explorer struck northwards to the sources of the Ashburton River, and then, relying on his faithful camels and their

Afghan driver, entered the desert, on the further edge of which his second expedition had ended in disaster by the loss of one of his party two years before. On this last occasion a ten days' journey without finding water was successfully accomplished, and then the party reached the fairly known country near Lake Amadeus, having twice traversed the great Australian Desert. Mr. Giles' literary style is somewhat crude, but for all that his book will live as a record of pluck, endurance, and difficulties overcome. The value of the book is greatly increased by the admirably detailed maps with which it is furnished.

The telegrams from America, which last autumn announced that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was in a very poor state of health, came as a surprise to many people. The great struggle between North and South is already passing into history, and it seemed incredible that one who, already a middle-aged woman, was a leader of the Abolitionists ten years before the war, should still be alive. In "The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe" (Sampson Low and Co.), Mr. C. E. Stowe recounts the story of his mother's life, of the religious surroundings of her childhood, of the poverty and struggles of her early married life, of her determination to write a story of the horrors of slave-holding, and of the rapid fame and fortune that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" brought her. From Mrs. Stowe's own journals and letters the biographer tells us of the hatred her name inspired among the Southern States, and of her triumphal progress through England, Scotland, and France. With the end of the American War the great work of Mrs. H. B. Stowe's life came to a close, but she still continued to write industriously until about nine years ago. The most important event of her late years was the celebration of her seventieth birthday on June 14th, 1882, near Boston, at which some two hundred of the best-known literary men and women of America were present. Though the first exaggerated estimate of Mrs. H. B. Stowe's powers as an authoress has not stood the test of time, yet "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will always rank among the great works of fiction written with a purpose; and though the echoes of the great controversy have almost died away even in the United States, yet this plain straightforward life of the woman to whom humanity owes so much, will be read with keen interest by the thousands in both worlds to whom Uncle Tom is still a household word.

Of all periods of history probably the least known is the period just passed away, which is no longer of the present, and yet cannot be said to belong absolutely to the past, as its effects are still daily felt in contemporary political life. "A History of Modern Europe," Vol. III., by C. A. Fyffe, M.A. (Cassell and Co.), endeavours to remedy this defect as far as concerns the thirty years from 1848 to 1878. The book is an extremely useful one, as it bridges the interval between the text books of history and the columns of the morning paper. The volume before us deals with the March Revolutions of 1848, the rise of the Second French Empire, the Crimean War, the making of New Italy, the rise of the Prussian power, the fall of the Second French Empire, and the Russo-Turkish War; a truly formidable list for a time in which the era of universal peace was supposed to have begun. Impartiality is a quality which it is almost impossible to find in the historian of the days which immediately precede our own, but Mr. Fyffe has done his best in his rapid summary of those thirty eventful years to write as a judge and not as an advocate, and it is no slight praise to say that he has almost succeeded, though the share of Russia in bringing about the Russo-Turkish War has been considerably under-stated. To every student of politics, and even to every reader of newspapers, this history will be found most useful. Its style is easy and pleasant, and as the whole period is summed up in some five hundred and twenty pages of large type, the main outlines are not blurred by masses of detail. A full and comprehensive index doubles the utility of the volume.

A small but important contribution to a life of the late Emperor Frederick is "The Crown Prince and the Imperial Crown," by Gustav Freytag (George Bell and Sons). Herr Freytag, who was a personal friend of the then Crown Prince, ascribes the first idea of the revival of the old German Empire to the future Emperor. The idea of Empire was distasteful to Herr Freytag and to many North Germans, as they foresaw that the old blue coat of the Hohenzollerns would be hidden beneath the Imperial cloak, and considered that the Holy Roman Empire and its many distasteful memories should be left in oblivion. On the other hand, the Crown Prince, who is represented as having had very exalted ideas of family and power, and a great love for the details of ceremonial, not only longed for the restoration of the German Empire in his father's person, but insisted on the absolute continuity of the new Empire with the old Roman Empire, and it was with this historical succession in his mind that he introduced the ancient chair of the Saxon Emperors into the inaugural ceremony of the first German Reichstag in 1871. During the long period of inaction which followed the Franco-German War, the Crown Prince sank into a state of lassitude from having nothing of importance with which to occupy himself seriously, a state of things rendered more galling by his absolute dependence upon his father for even his yearly income. Old in mind and body before his time, when the fatal disease attacked him the greatness and nobility of his soul shone out more clearly than ever, but the Crown coming to him almost on his death-bed, his love of peace and of English political ideals had no time to soften the methods of the old military party. The portrait of the late Emperor is drawn lovingly but faithfully by Herr Freytag, who does not hesitate to point out the matters on which he differed from the Prince.

"The Skipper in Arctic Seas" (Longman and Co.) is the record of a summer trip, made by the author of "Three in Norway, within the Arctic Circle." Mr. Clutterbuck and his friend "Jack" left Peterhead on May 1st, 1888, in the barkentine *Traveller*, with a crew of fourteen men all told. They had plenty of sport with seals on the ice floes off Greenland, and finally arrived at Spitzbergen in July. Off the coast of the island "Jack" shot at a Polar bear that was swimming to shore, and, after killing some reindeer, they returned to Peterhead on September 7th. Mr. Clutterbuck writes in an easy chatty manner, and his book is a capital one to take up after dinner, and laugh over at one's leisure. The illustrations are chiefly from photographs taken by the author, and a chart of the *Traveller's* course is placed at the end of the volume.

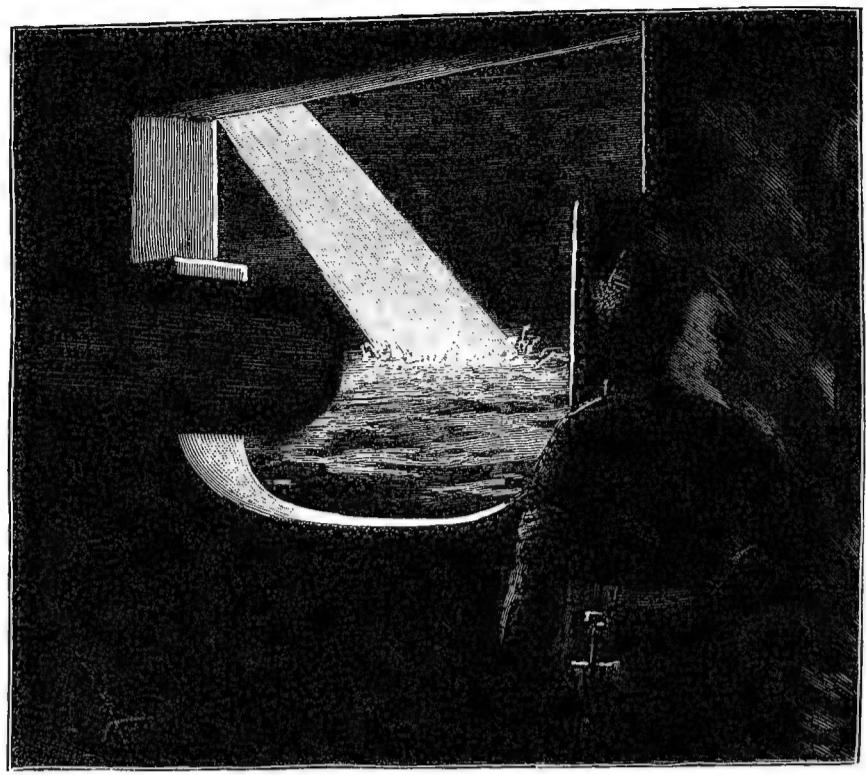
In "India: Sketches and Stories of Native Life" (Elliot Stock), the Rev. J. Ewen gives some of the conclusions at which he has arrived after a residence of ten years in the North-West Provinces of India. It is satisfactory to come across a little book on India written by one who has really lived in the country, and not merely performed a hurried scamper through some half-dozen towns in the cool season. Mr. Ewen knows both Mahometans and Hindus thoroughly well, and his indictment of the native servants and officials for wholesale bribery and corruption is, if we may judge from similar personages in other parts of the East, amply justified. There are some capital stories in the Oriental manner in this book.

"The Sunday School Manual" (Church of England Sunday School Institute) deals thoroughly with the history and management of Sunday Schools.

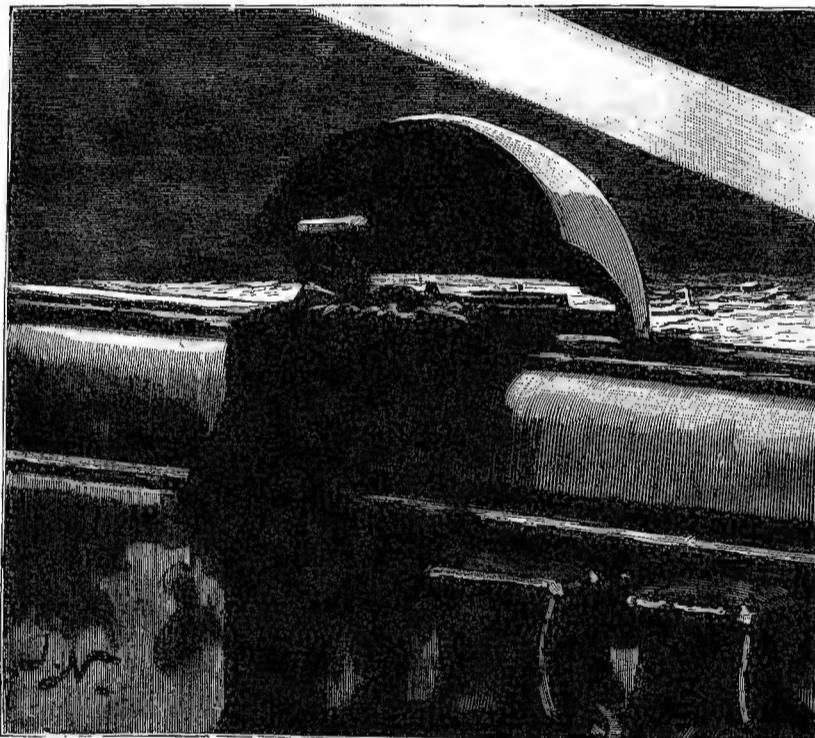
"The Dairy Annual" and "The Poultry and Pigeon Annual," both by Mr. James Long (W. H. Allen and Co.), are excellent reference books and note books for dairy farmers, and breeders and exhibitors. They are both exceedingly well arranged, and contain much valuable information, besides space for entries of every description.



"SOUNDED OFF QUARTERS, SIR"



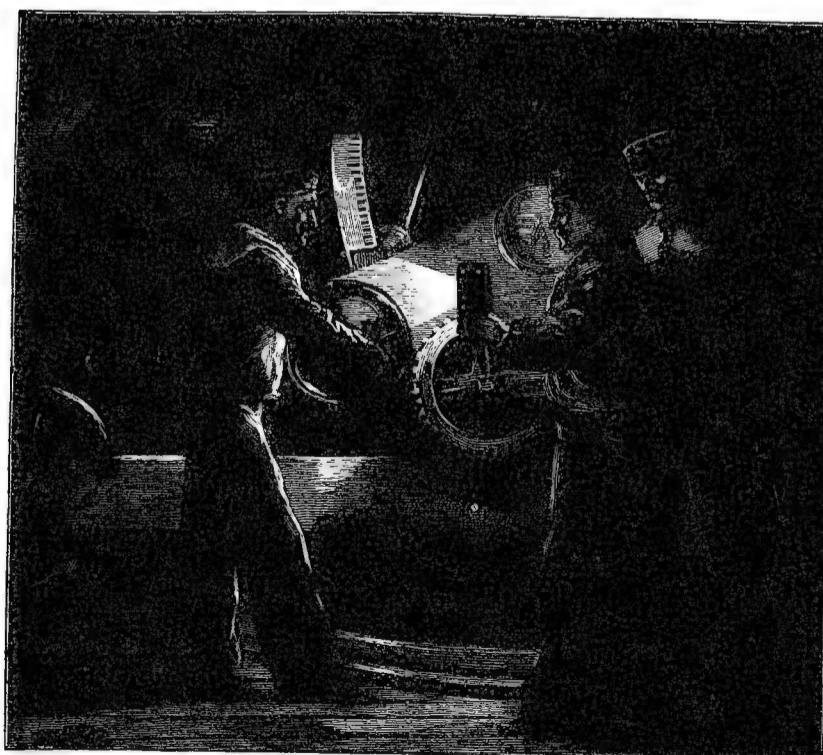
THE TARGET FROM A MAINDECK PORT



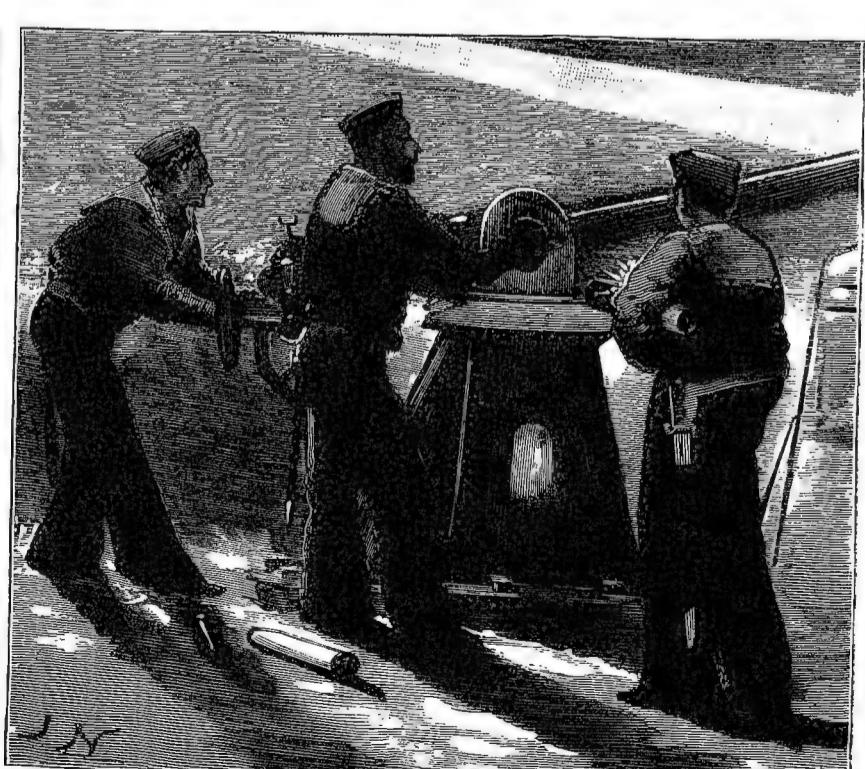
AT THE DIRECTOR



GETTING UP POWDER



LAYING A GUN



WORKING THE QUICK-FIRING GUN

## "NIGHT QUARTERS" ON BOARD A MAN OF WAR

*In order to exercise the crews of our ironclads in defending their vessels against the attacks of torpedo boats, the Admiralty has ordered that so many times a year they should be exercised at "Night Quarters," in firing at a target by the electric light*

## FLORA MACDONALD

THE death of this notable Scotchwoman exactly a century ago (the event happened on March 5th, 1790) affords a fitting opportunity to recount that thrilling story of adventure and peril with which her name will ever be proudly associated. Whether for the pathos of the incidents or the fortitude and daring of the heroine, the story is almost without a parallel—at least in the annals of her country. Of the many brave and distinguished persons who took part in the events of the ever memorable '45, it is safe to say that, next to that of Prince Charles Edward himself—the chief actor in the drama—the personality of Flora Macdonald, as exhibited in the part Destiny had decreed she should play, at once arrests and enthrals the attention. For, in respect of its real and abiding human interest, the character of this brave gentlewoman has not only deservedly evoked the eulogy of the historian and the song of the poet, but stands out



PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STEWART  
From an original Picture by Vandeist

to all the world as one of the noblest examples on record of that womanly devotion and spirit of self-sacrifice that would rather dare to the death than betray its trust, or permit suffering to come nigh the life committed to its care.

With the defeat of Prince Charles on Culloden Moor on that disastrous 16th of April—a day whose physical vicissitudes well accorded with the changeableness of the character of the Prince's hopes; for the chronicles say that it was a day "now fair and sunny, now partially overcast, till a shower of snowy rain began to beat with considerable violence"—the light of the House of Stuart may be said to have been extinguished for ever. In the words of the Jacobite song—

The die was risk'd and foully cast  
Upon Culloden Day!

But now that the upshot of that desperate battle had decided against the Young Chevalier, many of his noblest and bravest followers having been left bankrupt of life but heirs to glory on the field of carnage, the last and, perhaps, the bitterest agony of all was that which not a few princes before him have had to endure:—viz., ignominious flight, accompanied by those terrible pangs that, bred of the consciousness of a lost cause, dog the heels of the fugitive far more relentlessly than the most eager of his pursuers.

And rarely have the records of warfare presented a more pitiful account of the sufferings of the vanquished than that supplied by the story of the flight from the field of Culloden of Prince Charlie and his clansmen. If ever those terrible passions that, too often, alas, find lodgment in the human breast, slumbering there like beasts of prey in some dark cavern, only till the licences of war permit them to come forth, had the fullest scope for their blood-thirsty rage, it was surely when the emissaries of the Duke of Cumberland fell upon the defeated Highlanders in the last battle-scene of the Rebellion of '45. Many shocking acts of carnage, not only upon the immediate scene of the struggle, but all along the main lines of pursuit from the moor of Culloden till within sight of Inverness, bore witness to a degree of barbarity on the part of the victors which it is hardly possible to realise. Its only and merest shadow of palliation was, as Chambers in his "History of the Rebellion" has suggested, that their "victory was so hardly won," and that the cause of the cruelty on that occasion was "to be found in the several defeats which the victors had before sustained from the Highlanders."

But if it was in the sad experience of many of his Highland heroes that—

The target was torn from the arms of the just;  
The helmet was cleft on the brow of the brave;  
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,  
For red was the sword of the stranger and slave!

poor Prince Charles himself, in his rout from the field of disaster, suffered in a manner which not only stirs the sympathy but arouses the admiration of all who are familiar with that thrilling chapter of his remarkable history. True, he escaped "head-whole," though minus its gearing: for the chronicles tell that "in retreating with much precipitation, the Prince's bonnet and wig blew off before he could clear the ground—an ominous emblem of the departure of the crown from him and his family!" But from that fateful "Culloden Day" till his landing on the shores of France, some five or six months after, it may be said that Charles was constantly in the most imminent peril of his life. A large sum—30,000/—had been offered by the Government for his capture, and though any of his retainers, had they been so inclined, might have played the "Judas," none could be tempted by the bribe. On the other hand, the "blood-money" was a very strong incentive to his enemies, who hunted the Prince night and day during all these months with the most unrelenting determination. Every possible effort was made to secure him—dead or alive. The most inaccessible mountain fastnesses, whither he was supposed to have escaped with few faithful followers (for, having seen the hopelessness of the Stuart cause, the surviving hero-chieftains of Culloden, with their men, retired as best they could to their respective strong-

holds), were scoured by the emissaries of the revengeful Duke of Cumberland. No wild beast was more ruthlessly hunted from cave to cave; certainly no scion of a Royal House ever endured more pitiful sufferings than did the brave and—thanks to a constitution of iron—hardy Chevalier who had sought to regain possession of the crown and kingdom of his fathers. Thrilling as were his perils during these "days of ordeal," at no time, however, was Prince Charles more sorely pressed by his pursuers than when he fell into the tender mercies of the patriotic Flora Macdonald.

A lucky hour indeed it was when the blows and buffets of misfortune drove him within reach of the practical sympathy of this true-hearted woman. But for her fine, astute, strategic powers—powers that are only to be found in moments of extreme peril and necessity and in women of the loftiest character—poor Prince Charlie would have in all human probability fallen a prey to his fast-closing enemies, and never left Scotland alive. Perhaps, after all, it might have been better had he never done so; for, as the world knows, the subsequent events of his career seem in great measure to have been the very antithesis of those in which he found himself at this romantic time, when many of the bravest men and fairest women in the land were willing, eager almost, to spill their blood for their hero's sake.

According to Chambers's excellent account, "Flora Macdonald's immediate living relatives were not personally involved in the Rebellion; but branch of the clan to which she belonged being fully engaged in it, she and all her friends wished well to the Stuart cause." Her well-wishing, therefore, was, as has been indicated, turned to the most practical account. "It was in the island of South Uist where Prince Charles was in the greatest peril. Here," says Chambers, "he had taken refuge with a single follower named O'Neal, and for about ten days wandered from place to place, crossing to Benbecula and returning, sometimes making the narrowest escape, but with the faintest possible hope of finally eluding discovery. It was at this critical juncture that Flora Macdonald became accessory to his preservation. . . . One night near the end of June, O'Neal came by appointment to meet Flora upon her brother's land, the Prince remaining outside. After a little, O'Neal told her he had brought a friend to see her. She asked with emotion if it was the Prince, and O'Neal answered in the affirmative, and instantly brought him in. She was then asked by Charles himself if she could undertake to convey him to Skye." Making one or two very laudable excuses, more for the sake of others than because of any personal objection to the adventure she herself had, Flora eventually agreed to the proposal, and at once set about devising means for its accomplishment.

One or two serious difficulties, sufficient of themselves to deter any but a very brave woman from proceeding further with such an adventure, confronted her at the very outset. For instance, she was arrested and detained in custody for an entire night under suspicion of connivance in the plot for the Prince's escape; and but for the intervention of her stepfather, the Laird of Sleat, Flora's preliminary escapade might have had the most serious consequences. But nothing daunted, she boldly essayed her perilous task. First of all, she was provided with "a passport to enable her to return to her mother's house in Skye, ostensibly accompanied by her man-servant, Neil M'Kechan, and a young Irishwoman named Betty Burke. This last person was understood to be a servant out of place, but one likely to answer Flora's mother as a spinner." In reality, "Betty Burke" was none other than the heir to the House of Stuart!

The day when the doughty Flora essayed to

Carry the lad that was born to be King  
Over the sea to Skye!

was Saturday, June 28th. All being ready, "Charles assumed the printed linen gown, apron, and coin which thus transformed him from a prince into an Irish serving girl. He would have added a charged pistol under the clothes, but Flora's good sense over-ruled that project, as she concluded that, in the event of his being searched, it would be a strong proof against him; and so the Prince was compelled to content himself with a stout walking-stick to defend himself if necessary against the enemy." Leaving the wretched hut where Charles had lain for some days in hiding, the adventurers found a boat waiting them close by—to carry them nearly forty miles



MISS FLORA MACDONALD  
From a Painting by Hudson

across the stormy Hebrides. Embarking in this shell, they found to their intense disgust a number of "wherries with parties of soldiers in them in quest of the Prince, sailing about. This obliged them to skulk till the approach of night, when they steer'd for Skye—Charles, Flora, M'Kechan, and the boatman." The weather being wet, the spirits of the party were, it may be well imagined, anything but cheerful in the circumstances. And yet, it is said, that in order to inspirit them the Prince himself sang a number of lively songs and related a few anecdotes! Flora, giving way physically to her great fatigues, fell asleep in the bottom of the boat and, to favour her slumbers, Charles continued to sing. When the day dawned, they found themselves out of sight of land without any means of telling in what part of the Hebrides they were. After

at time they perceived the dark bold headlands of Skye. Making with all speed towards that coast, they soon approached to Waterish, one of the western points of the island. They had no sooner drawn near to the shore than they observed the Militia were stationed near the place. They in turn were observed by the soldiers, who shouted to them to land on peril of being shot at; but it was resolved to escape at all risks, and they exerted their utmost energies in getting away. The soldiers then fired, but fortunately without hitting the boat or any of its crew. Charles called upon the rowers 'Not to mind the villains!' He then entreated Flora to lie down in the bottom of the boat in order to avoid the bullets, as nothing, he said, would give him at that moment greater pain than if any accident were to befall her. She declared, however, that she would not do as he desired, unless he also took the same measure for his safety which, she told him, was of much greater importance than hers. It was not till after some altercation that they agreed to ensconce themselves together in the bottom of the boat, which the rowers soon pulled out of all further danger." The party ultimately landed safely at a place within the parish of Kilmuir, about twelve miles from the scene of their great peril.

Flora, of course, subsequently paid the penalty of her daring loyalty to Prince Charles on that occasion by her arrest and transportation to London (the *Bridgewater*, the vessel that carried her there, actually took nearly three months to accomplish the journey), where, however, her captivity was anything but unpleasant. She was released "by the Act of Indemnity passed in July, 1747, without having been asked a single question."

It has sometimes been said, as if in disparagement, that Flora Macdonald played too subordinate a part in the Rebellion of 1745-46 to entitle her to the distinguished fame she has won; that, in aiding the escape of the vanquished Prince Charles, she only performed a duty expected from all who espoused his cause; and that, at any rate, she appeared too late in the drama of disaster to be remembered as a chief, or even as a conspicuous *dramatis persona* in it. Why, it is in that very fact that the magnanimity of this true woman is made so evident. In playing her part she had nothing to gain—for what could the fugitive hold out by way of reward when his last princely hope had been wrenched from him on Culloden Moor?—but much, everything, indeed, to lose—liberty, and perhaps even dear life itself. And are not such possessions jewels of unvalued price to every healthy, spirited young woman of five-and-twenty? Yet Flora Macdonald esteemed them as of little moment, in the light of that lofty ideal of duty, in the ardour of her true-hearted loyalty, and, best of all, in the intensity of her womanly desire to succour the weary wanderer whom destiny had so strangely brought to her door. Though hers was a brief adventure, who shall forbid—in praise of her unexampled courage under the most extraordinary and trying circumstances a woman could be placed in—to—

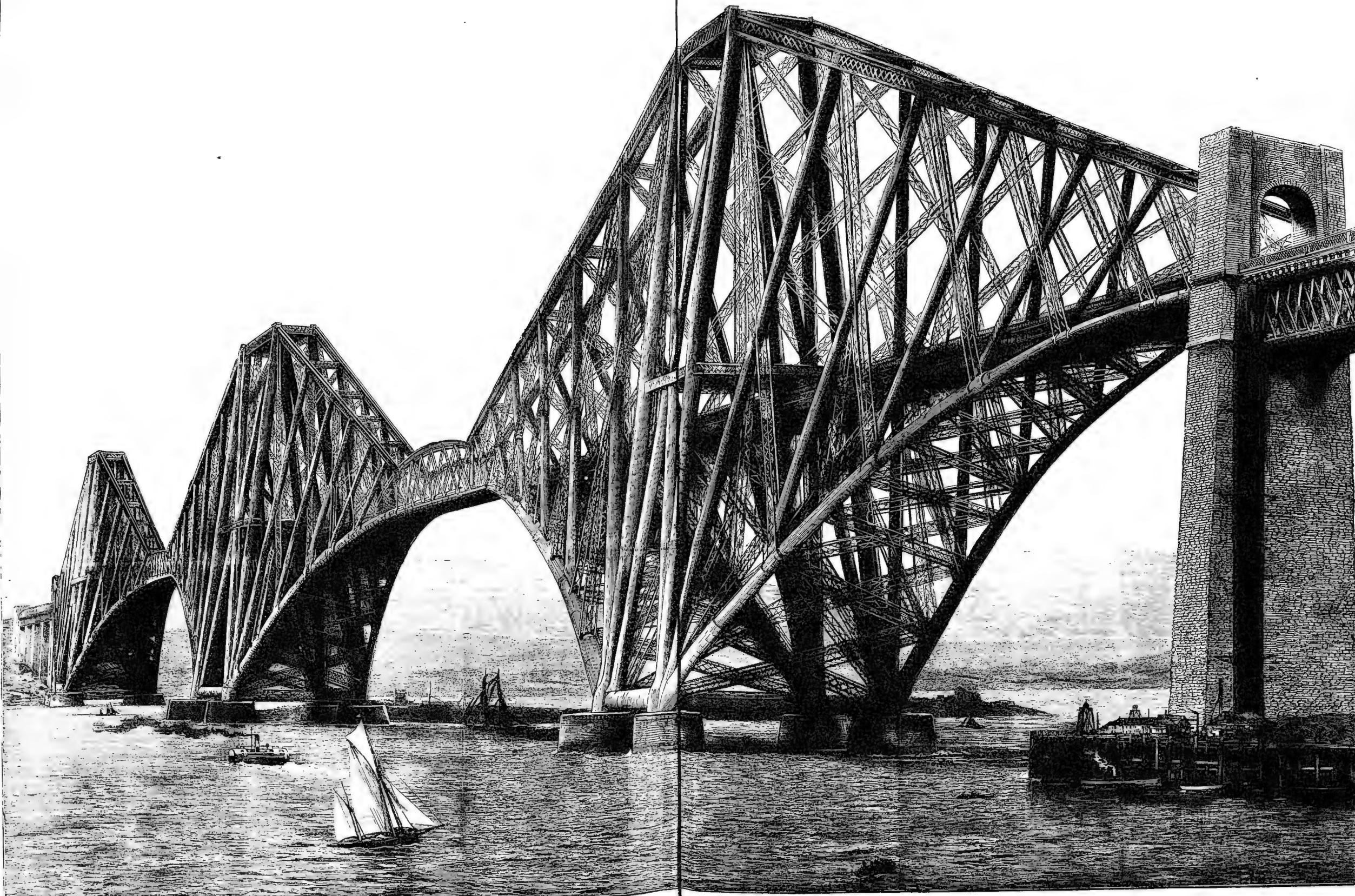
Sound, sound the clarion: fill the fife!  
To all the sensuous world proclaim—  
A crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name!

A. C.

## NEW MUSIC

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.—A pleasing vocal duet is "Night Hymn at Sea," words by Mrs. Hemans, music by A. Goring Thomas, published in C for mezzo-soprano and baritone, in E flat for soprano and tenor.—A graceful little poem of the tender passion, by Justin Huntly McCarthy, M.P., is "I Love You Dearly," set to music for a voice of medium compass by Joseph Fletcher.—Well worthy the attention of a baritone is "Chanson de Don César" ("With a Heart Bounding Gaily"), composed by J. Massenet.—"Impromptu" for the pianoforte, by Hamilton Robinson, is a taking piece for after-dinner execution, well worthy of being committed to memory.—No. 10 of "Operatic Pieces for Violin and Piano" is a well-chosen selection of airs from *The Siege of Rochelle* (Balfe), well arranged by Henry Farmer.—"Buttercups and Daisies" is an easy and unpretentious duet for two violins, with pianoforte, violin, and cello accompaniments, composed by Henry Morley.—Young people will find genial work in "Aus der Jugendzeit" ("Youthful Days"), "Ten Kleine Klavierstücke," von Theodor Kirchner.—Spirited and tuneful is "The British Tars' Polka," by Henry Klussmann.

MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—One of the most useful collections of its school is "Weekes and Co.'s Series of Morning and Evening Services," which has already arrived at No. 57. It contains works by composers well known and unknown, ancient and modern. The examples before us are "Twenty Responses to the Commandments, arranged from the Sacred Works of the Great Masters," by E. H. Turpin (No. 55), and "Te Deum and Benedictus" (in chant form), by Rev. H. G. Bonavia Hunt, Mus. Doc. (No. 57). This excellent series is well worthy the attention of organists of ordinary church choirs, as there are no technical difficulties.—"Honour to the Mighty; A Choral March" (S.A.T.B.), written and composed by George Weddell, produced a very favourable impression when sung by the Glasgow (Southside) Choral Society at the Glasgow International Exhibition in 1888.—Well suited to the purpose for which they are intended are "Songs for School Concerts," composed by Myles B. Foster. Nos. 1 and 2 are respectively, "A Daring Enterprise" and "A Pastoral," words by R. Ellice Mack.—"Exercises on the Elements of Music," by Joseph Norman, necessary for students preparing for the local examination of the Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music, &c., are intended for quite beginners, and can be used with any first book; teachers will find them of great assistance.—"Three Songs," composed by Richard Farrell, are fairly good specimens of the after-dinner school; they are: "If You Could Guess," words by Dulce E. Grey; "So Fair and Pure," words, translated from the German of Heine, by Rennell Rodd; and "From My Tears that Have Fallen," by the above-named poet and translator.—A group of songs for every-day use, which will take a more or less prominent place in public favour, consists of "Mine and Thine," written and composed by J. Hamlin Fellows; "Break, Break, Break," Tennyson's popular poem, set to music by Arthur Ray; "By the Margin of a Little Lake," a dainty idyll, written and composed by Piers Francis; "Golden Stars Across the Heavens," translated, by Alma Stretwell, from Heine's tender poem, "Sternen mit den Golden Füsschen," and pleasingly set to music by P. V. Sharman; "Lullaby," a soothing song with which to rock our little ones to sleep, written and composed by G. Hubi Newcombe and Samuel Weekes; "The Old Corner," a song of the domesticated type, words by Frederick E. Weatherly, music by Henry J. Edwards, which will be first favourite of the group; "Clouds," a dramatic song, written and composed by Walter Besant, music by Arthur N. Wight; "The River King," a spirited song, written and composed by E. H. L. Watson and W. W. Cheterton, well suited for a boating crew; and last, but merriest of the collection, "Tally Ho!" words by T. Malcolm Watson, music by Alfred J. Caldicott, Mus. Bac.—The instrumental budget from this firm consists of "Romance for Violin," by Percy Scharman, a soundly-written piece; "The Quaint Gavotte," by Oscar Cramer, of a somewhat original and very tuneful character; "Festal March in F," by Langdon Colborne; "Taranteila," by Emilie Norman; "Japanese March," for the pianoforte, by C. A. Ehrenlechter.—Very welcome to young beginners will be "Six Album Leaves," for violin and pianoforte, composed by C. Egerton Lowe; they consist of March, Barcarole, Gavotte, &c.



THE FORTH BRIDGE; TO BE OPENED BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES ON TUESDAY, MARCH 4, 1890

By the Opening of the New Bridge, which is One Mile and 1,005 Yards in length, the Railway journey from Edinburgh to Perth and the rest of the North of Scotland will be shortened by more than twenty miles. From the base of the deepest pier to the top of the cantilevers the total height is 450 feet, which makes it the loftiest bridge in the world; and the two longest spans are each 1,710 feet wide. The Bridge was begun in December, 1882, and its construction has cost Two Millions and a Quarter sterling



Of the descriptive and poetical power of Mr. Hall Caine's "The Bondman: a New Saga" (3 vols.: W. Heinemann), there can be no question whatever. Indeed it is very easy to imagine it translated into verse to its great advantage. As a prose romance, it falls not only short, but a very long way short, of justifying its very apparent and obtrusive ambition. Its grand aim is the vanity of vengeance; but so plain and simple a lesson is annihilated instead of enforced by making it depend upon an elaborate combination of circumstances so forced and so artificial that they fail to carry conviction. "The Bondman" is a series of accidents; and accidents signify nothing. It is against the great laws of tragedy, which all men recognise even when they affect to deny them, to convulse nature and to create all manner of otherwise needless sin and evil in order to obtain the simplest and most natural of results which could have been far more effectually brought about by the simplest and most natural means. The experienced reader of romance will argue from this that "The Bondman" is without the saving inspiration of humour; and he will be right. Poetry can dispense with the humour of which Mr. Hall Caine has not been endowed with even the smallest fraction of a talent; but to prose romance, especially when of the tragic order, it is as indispensable as light to true vision. The gloom of "The Bondman" is unbrokenly profound; the unrelieved strain of passion at which its *dramatis persona* live from first to last is inconsistent with sane human nature. Great passions should stand out from a background of common life; in Mr. Caine's hands the whole of life becomes a confusion of great passions, in which one cannot see the wood for the trees. Indeed, long before the rather common-place close is reached, pathos is worn out and climax has been rendered impossible. Probably the same lack of humour is answerable for Mr. Caine's solemn affectation of prologue and epilogue, and of the style and division conventionally supposed to represent a "Saga." One longs at every page for some dash of convincing reality—some wholesome breeze to sweep away the lurid fog, and to make one feel that the Manxmen and Icelanders are fellow flesh-and-blood, and not the creatures of a nightmare after a perusal of "Wuthering Heights," "The Dead Heart," and "God and the Man." After thus recording our judgment that "The Bondman" is an ambitious failure, we gladly note our agreement with the publisher's advertisement to the effect that, "in mere picturesqueness, the scenes have rarely been equalled." The Isle of Man is not yet outworn in fiction, and Iceland has been hitherto practically untouched; and the novel is worth reading for the sake of its landscapes and seascapes alone.

Mrs. Macquoid fully maintains her high standard of fine and sympathetic work in "Cosette" (2 vols.: Ward and Downey), then romance with which "East and West" was wise enough to identify its earlier fortunes. The construction of the story is perfect, within the limits which Mrs. Macquoid has apparently laid down for herself—they are somewhat narrow, no doubt; but she has the exceedingly unusual gifts of precisely knowing the measure of her own resources, and of being able to keep within them. One result is that in "Cosette," almost more than in its predecessors, every touch seems exactly adequate to its full purpose, and to be a note of mastery. The plot is of the simplest kind; but its varied portraiture gives it ample fulness, while the flavour of foreign life, which Mrs. Macquoid alone has the secret of conveying to English readers in such wise as to make them forget even from the outset that it is unfamiliar, gives the whole a peculiarly piquant charm. Nobody need have personal acquaintance with the neighbourhood of Dinant in order to appreciate every touch of local character, as well as of the human nature which is of no country. It is, however, easier to enjoy than to analyse the bloom which is the distinctive feature of all that comes from Mrs. Macquoid's pen, and which is to be found in "Cosette" to such a complete degree. To work like this especially applies the most satisfactory sort of all criticism—namely, that the reader "is pleased, he knows not why, and cares not wherefore"—at least till he reaches the unanticipated end, when he realises why he is pleased, as well as surprised, exceedingly well.

"The Sin of Joost Avelingh," by Maarten Maartens (2 vols.: Remington and Co.), does not, despite its title and its author's name, appear to be a translation, but a real Dutch story written in English for English readers. If we are mistaken, our error must be taken as a well-deserved compliment to some person unnamed, unless the author be his own translator. The story consists of singularly powerful and original study; that of a man who accused of murder on perjured evidence, and triumphantly acquitted through the repentance and confession of the false witness, knows himself to be guilty in his own conscience, though all that had been sworn against him was a lie. This curious and interesting plot is worked out by means of some exceedingly dramatic characters—Joost's uncle, for example, hungry for affection and a slave to duty, perversely bestows benefits as if they were insults, and has the air of a capricious tyrant while all the while it is he who is his own victim. The manner in which Joost learns to understand his supposed persecutor when it is all too late is even fuller of pathos than the story of his wife and guardian angel, Agatha, who illustrates in no common manner the wisdom of the heart over the wisdom of the head, and who brings all things to a conclusion which, without her simple goodness, would have been impossible. The book is not free from the hazy sort of sentiment which so often bewilders the English reader of German novels, but which one does not expect to find in connection with Holland. But there is not too much of it; and it may no doubt be regarded as a feature of local colour and flavour.

In "On the Children" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.) Annie Thomas (Mrs. Peader Cudlip) takes the most definite and literal view of the effects of the sins of the fathers, and of the mothers also. It is all, however, of little consequence at the end, poetical justice intervening to make everything right and square. There are many signs of haste about the workmanship, notably in the curious inconsistency of some of the characters. We doubt whether Mrs. Cudlip knew what story she was going to write; we are certain that she forgot, in the course of it, whether certain of her characters were meant to be angels or villains. The novel is not of any importance, but it will probably please the large circle of readers for whose taste the authoress has had so much experience in catering.

"A Sydney Sovereign," by "Tasma" (1 vol.: Trübner and Co.), is the title of the first and longest of a number of tales which would seem better adapted for the pages of a magazine than for a volume. The story which gives the title appears to have been constructed upon a sort of Wagnerian method, the motive leading up to a con-

## THE GRAPHIC

clusion chosen for no better reason than that nobody else would have employed it. The result is a decided want of both point and harmony. For the rest, it is pleasantly and brightly written; and the same can be said of the four tales which follow it.

### WITH THE JOINT COMMISSION IN SWAZILAND

JOSEPH, the waiter in the comedy of *Supper for Two*, remarks— "He's the blood-thirstiest vampire as ever I see. Why he thinks no more of killing a man than he does of picking his teeth."

The words were brought to our artist's mind with particular force during the recent interview in Swaziland between the Joint Commissioners and the Queen Regent of that country.

This lady, in spite of her comfortable proportions (sufficient in themselves to make the fortune of any travelling show) and of her good-natured face, has a character that is not inaptly described by Joseph's words, and her love for the old Swazi custom of "killing off" is proverbial.

Consequently, Sir F. De Winton, as spokesman of the Commission, expressed to her their hope that this barbarism would now be done away with, and that no one in the future would be killed without fair trial; but, in defence of her hobby, the Queen spoke up and became quite eloquent.



ON THE DOWN GRADE: ALL HANDS TO THE BRAKES

"Killing off," she explained, was always practised after the death of a King, when the nation was mourning for him, and for this reason:—it was not right that the people should in any way pretend to mourn, and yet there were many who had perhaps never seen the King, and who, at any rate, were not on sufficiently intimate terms really to weep at his death; consequently it was usual to kill off one or two of the relations of such people, and then at once their weeping became sincere. As for fair trial, the people got that, for whenever it was considered desirable that a man or two should be killed, the whole village is turned out and made to sit round in a circle, the witch-doctor then goes round and points out those that are to die.

What she would like to know, could be fairer than that?

And, she added, at any rate she hoped that Sir Francis would allow the custom to be followed for this once, as she had a few individuals "on her list, who would never be missed." And the pleading smile with which she made the request would have melted a heart of stone.

One little incident moreover occurred in the course of the debate, and helped to bring Joseph's words more vividly into our artist's thoughts. This was the interruption of the proceedings by a young scion of the Royal house, who came to his grandmother, the Queen, with a complaining back tooth, and thus, in the midst of the consideration of the "killing off" question, part of her attention became devoted to the skilful use of one of her ivory hairpins.

Usabati, the Queen Regent, is enormously stout, but her face shows force and intelligence. Her dress consists of a collection of the dirtiest of old buck's skins, and at her side was slung an ivory snuff-box to which she had incessant resource during the conference.

In accordance with the custom of the Swazi Royalty, and as a sign of exemption from any kind of labour, the Queen grows her nails, both of the hands and of the feet, to an extreme length; the finger-nails in fact come in useful as snuff spoons.

Among the strange sights which it has been the fortune of the Swaziland Mission to see was that of a small collection of Bushmen, living in their natural manner in small caves on the shores of Lake Chrissie. These individuals are some of the very few survivors of this strange race.

They were originally distributed more or less over the whole of

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South Africa, but their mischievousness and deadly vindictiveness were such that wherever white farmers settled in their neighbourhood a wanton and wholesale destruction of their flocks and herds at once followed, and the ambuscades, the craft, and the poisoned arrows of the marauders made their pursuit a fruitless and dangerous task. All efforts to bring them on to a neighbourly footing invariably failed, and consequently everybody's hand became turned against them; they were shot down whenever seen, and are now practically exterminated in the southern parts of South Africa. Physically they are very small—not more than 4 feet 9 inches in height—light-coloured skins, with high cheek-bones and slit eyes, with "peppercorn" hair. They live in caves and under rocks, never in any kind of hut; their food, berries, and roots, and any animals or reptiles that they can catch. The description in Chapter XXX. of the book of Job applies well in their case.

One peculiar feature about them which speaks to their being above mere animals, which in other respects they resemble so closely, is their ability to draw pictures of beasts and birds, and most of their caves are adorned with rough frescoes.

The Bushmen still exist in some numbers in Damaraland, and on the northern confines of the Kalahari Desert.

Mr. Selous, after an intimate acquaintance, is of opinion that the Masarwas of North Bechuanaland are closely allied to the Bushmen of southern South Africa, although a strain of Kaffir blood has crept in among the former and given them increased stature; but they retain the same habits and physical peculiarities, and speak the same Koranna-Hottentot dialect, and similarly use tiny bows and poisoned arrows.

The diminutive race met with by Schweinfurth also had such bows and arrows, as also the dwarf race of Moubitto, brought to light by Emin Pasha. The dwarf tribes that so greatly harassed with their poisoned arrows the late expedition of Mr. Stanley in Central Africa may perhaps be allied to the Bushmen, and it will be interesting to learn whether in any way their language resembles the Koranna-Hottentot dialect.

Not least among the public functionaries of the Swazi nation is one whom we might call the Lord High Executioner, and the office is by no means the sinecure that many Court appointments are. Jokilibovo (the "Red Warrior"), the official in question, is a fine, strongly-built warrior of a light copper colour, splendid limbs and muscle, and cheerful face; there is nothing in his appearance to provoke any feeling of loathing—on the contrary, he appears to be a most popular man among the people, in spite of the fact that he has probably been the means of bringing mourning upon most of their families. Still, they bear him no grudge, or if they do, they guard against any display of it, which perhaps is natural when they reflect it may be their own turn any day to be handed over to his tender mercies, when they may have a more unpleasant time of it if they happen not to be on good terms with him.

The crime need not be a very great one to bring a man within Jokilibovo's clutches. The King has deputed the power of sentencing to death to four of his chiefs. Should any man offend one of these, or any of the laws of the country, he is promptly asked to go for a walk with Jokilibovo. This walk excites very little notice among the people beyond the culprit's own immediate circle of friends. The direction of the walk is always the same, it ends on "Execution Hill" with a blow from Jokilibovo's "knobkerry," or club.

Jokilibovo stated, in conversation with our artist, that the case of a man resisting is almost unknown, though on rare occasions they will try to escape by running away, but it is always a vain attempt. There is a great knack in delivering the death-blow aright, as the negro's cranium is not given to being affected by ordinary knocks unless well planted at the base of the skull. The victim stands to receive the blow, and in this way a man who at the last moment has shrunk from his fate has caused the blow to fall indirectly, and has consequently been knocked down once or twice before he was actually put out of his misery.

The portrait of Jokilibovo is drawn from life. The difficulties caused by the contending interests of natives, whites, graziers, and miners were not the only difficulties that had to be overcome by the Royal Commissioners in their late visit to Swaziland. The natural physical features of the country itself proved an obstacle in their way, and the difficult mountain ranges which form the border of the country gave them a frowning welcome on their arrival at that point of their journey. Rough waggon-tracks led up the steep boulder-strewn ridges, with gradients that put the strength of the mules and their harness to heavy test, but the real difficulties came when the same mountains had to be descended on the other side, and here it was occasionally found necessary to assist the powerful brakes by all hands "laying on" behind the waggon, and with ropes and "reims" to direct and ease their downward course.

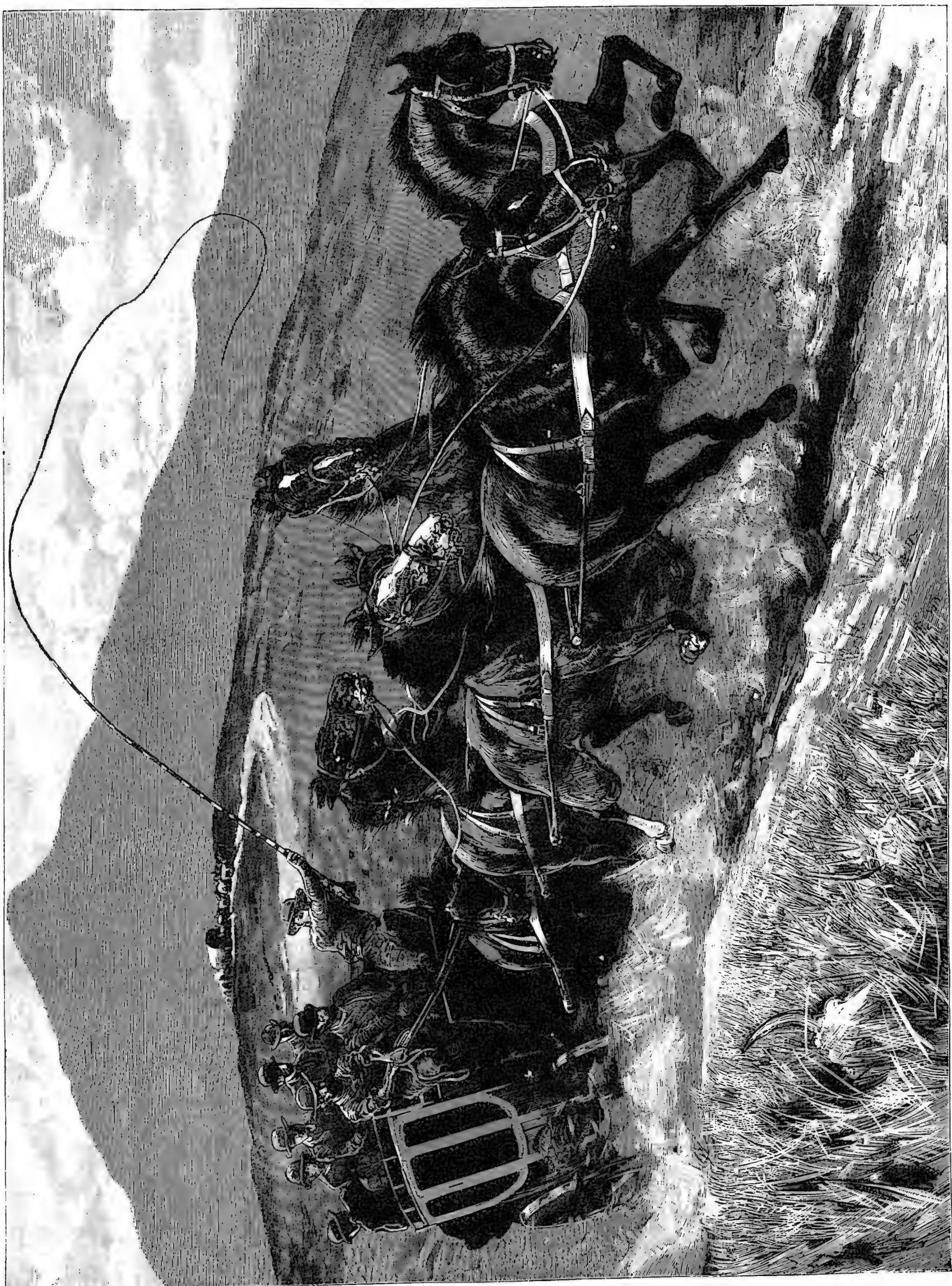
Another sketch represents Mr. Theophilus Shepstone, C.M.G., the Resident Agent and Adviser to the Swazi King, attended by his staff of native boy-messengers or pages. These boys are all of high birth in the nation. They are little, active, and intelligent young fellows, and esteem it a great honour to serve Shepstone in this position; and they are devoted to him, which is only natural, since his kindness to, and fellow-feeling for the natives are very great.

The great man among the pages is he who is known as Lord Charles Beresford. He is at present too young to run about like the rest, but is a great hand at superintending the others at work. In the background is Mr. Shepstone's house, known as "Haunted House, Piccadilly"—so called from the fact that two kraals near it are respectively the "Haunted Kraal" and Piccadilly Kraal. Behind the house rise the rugged heights of the Indimba Range, in the caves of which the late King lies buried; and the King is, according to the etiquette of the nation, in hiding until the mourning for Umandine is at an end.

The Diamond Mines at Kimberley have been so often described in these columns that our remaining illustrations require little mention. The mines are no longer the open quarry they used to be, but are worked underground like our own coal-mines. Consequently a miner's dress is indispensable if the visitor has any regard for his personal appearance.

**BUFFALO BILL AND THE WILD WEST SHOW**—now visiting Naples—are described by the Italian journals in comic terms. One writer speaks of the "troupe of William Buffalo Savage West," and another journal compliments the company "whose chief is William the Buffalo."

PRINCE BISMARCK'S opinion of Emperor William II. was frankly expressed by the *Chancellor* himself at the recent Parliamentary Dinner. Turning to a Deputy, the Prince remarked, "The Emperor is very fond of me, but he takes his own way. Perhaps some of you gentlemen can make him change his mind, but I doubt it. I have given it up!"



THE TRANSVAAL GOLDFIELDS AND HOW TO REACH THEM—BY COACH, EIGHT IN HAND  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



THE elections in GERMANY have produced a sweeping change in the balance of political parties. Social Democracy is triumphant, the Cartel majority supporting the Government has vanished, the Freisinnigen, or Radicals, have lost ground, and only the Centre—including Clericals and Conservatives—maintain their strength as before. The 149 second ballots of to-day (Saturday) may modify the situation, but appear most likely to turn to the advantage of those parties already successful. Out of the 397 members of the Reichstag, 248 have been chosen definitively, and may be roughly grouped as 90 belonging to the Centre, 53 Conservatives, 21 Socialists, 20 Radicals, 17 National Liberals, and 16 Imperialists, while small bodies of Poles, Alsatians, Guelphs, and a Dane complete the number. The great feature of the elections is the growth of Socialist opinion throughout the Empire. In the last Reichstag the Social Democrats only mustered 12, while their votes in Berlin have risen from 7,000 in 1871, to 125,000 in 1890. In provincial industrial centres the result is much the same, and also in Saxony, where a few years ago not one Socialist member was returned. The Socialists and Radicals will combine in most cases for the second ballots, in order to defeat the Cartellists, who are out of favour with everybody, the Government included. Indeed, there are plentiful signs that, as the National Liberals are no longer useful, the Government will lean once more towards the Ultramontane Centre for support. Government in Germany can be carried on for the most part without a majority in the Reichstag, as the Federal Council will provide the necessary powers; but there will be no chance of passing the Socialist Bill in the present Parliament. Fortunately, the last Reichstag decided the most important naval and military questions, so that economical and commercial measures are the chief Government necessities. These will find ample support from the Centre, if of sufficiently Protectionist tendency. The official organs quote Prince Bismarck's observation, that when the Social Democrats reached three dozen in the Reichstag he would be able to judge of their ability for legislation, and altogether the Press treat the matter coolly. Nevertheless, there is an undercurrent of anxiety lest the Democratic classes should get the upper hand, besides the disappointment that the Emperor's famous Labour Rescripts have not influenced the elections more favourably. Active preparations continue for the Labour Conference, which will assemble, as soon as possible, under the presidency of Baron von Berlepsch, Prussian Minister of Commerce. Indeed, the meeting of the conference has been so hurried forward that SWITZERLAND has now relinquished finally her idea of holding a similar gathering. Most of the Powers have accepted Emperor William's invitation, with certain reservations. His Majesty is preparing an elaborate scheme of educational reform, providing increased physical training.

The Royalists in FRANCE may flatter themselves on having placed the Government in a most awkward and undignified position. Through indecision and variability, the Ministry are in disgrace with both Republicans and Conservatives, and have to depend upon a chance majority in the Chamber. On Saturday morning it was decided finally to pardon the Duc d'Orléans at once, as his time for appeal had expired. True the Cabinet was divided on the subject, but President Carnot wished to be merciful, and the dissentients yielded. They determined, however, first to test the opinion of the House, and, on the secret of their proposed leniency leaking out, the Radicals announced that they would bring in an Amnesty Bill for all strikers, and would oppose the Government tooth and nail. As the imprisoned strikers are mostly Socialists and dangerous characters, this would be a serious matter. The Ministers, alarmed, changed their minds, and hurried the Duc d'Orléans to Clairvaux, to await a more convenient season for pardon. Up to the last, the Prince evidently expected to be released. He was in bed on Sunday night when informed of his coming departure, and was spirited away with the utmost precautions to maintain secrecy. However, the Radicals were not appeased, and duly brought in their Amnesty Bill on Monday, when it was thrown out by a mixed majority of Royalists, Boulangists, and Opportunists. In return for their support of the Government, the Boulangists took the opportunity to make a mild demonstration while those five members returned to their seats who had been expelled for unruly conduct a fortnight ago. Similar offenders will now be suspended for thirty sittings, according to the decision of the House on Tuesday. The Municipal Council have pronounced in favour of an amnesty, and the Government feel that they have given way to intimidation without winning back their former supporters. Nor are they likely to recover prestige over the Budget, where M. Rouvier proposes some sweeping reforms. He wishes to abolish the distinction of ordinary and extraordinary Budgets, and to convert the sexennial bonds for the latter into Three Per Cent. Rentes. PARIS is much relieved that she will escape the usual summer water-famine, as the city is to be supplied with pure and wholesome fluid from the River Avre. The Parisians are laughing heartily over *Paris fin de Siècle*, by MM. Toché and Blum, at the Gymnase, and *La Course aux Jupons* by M. Gandillon at the Déjazet—two lively pieces of very French humour. A well-known Napoleonic celebrity is dead, Comte Daru, who was the godson of the great Napoleon.

Just as the patriotic excitement in PORTUGAL has cooled down the Mozambique mail brings news of triumphal rejoicings at Quilimane, which will scarcely incline the Portuguese towards ceding their African claims. Major Serpa Pinto's arrival at Quilimane on January 19th was made the occasion of great festivities, to celebrate the handing over to Portugal of all lands belonging to the Makololo. The Major claims that he has opened all the Upper Shire region to civilisation and Portuguese rule, has developed the Zambezi country, and severely punished all mutinous rebels, and he points to the various petty Kings who have come in to offer their submission as a proof of his success. Now, he accuses the agents of the African Lake Company of inciting the Makololo to attack the Portuguese, while he declares that the Scotch missionaries at Blantyre were most favourable to the Portuguese authorities, and even requested their protection against the natives. This roseate picture of conquest and glory has stirred up the Lisbon public afresh, and all shades of opinion unite in proposing to elect prominent African explorers as members for Lisbon, Madeira, and the Azores in the new Cortes, regardless of their political leanings. The elections take place on the 30th, the Cortes assembling on April 19th. Meanwhile the Press is busy picking Lord Salisbury's Notes to pieces, and producing historical authority for the national rights in Africa. A riot at Cezimbra, on the southern coast, was at first ascribed to political tumult, but really arose from a fishing dispute.

BULGARIA has been summoned suddenly by Russia to pay the arrears of the cost of the occupation of the Principality, which have been accumulating since 1886, and amount to nearly 459,000. Thanks to the success of the recent loan, Bulgaria will be able to meet the demand, and has even tried to turn it to her own advantage as implying that Russia has indirectly acknowledged the present

Government. However, Russia strenuously denies any such intention. In TURKEY the Controller-General of the Ottoman Bank, Sir F. Smythe, has died suddenly from heart disease, after having belonged to the institution ever since its foundation in 1856. Owing to the complaints respecting the unfairness of Moussa Bey's recent trial, the Sultan commands that if a new trial is needed it shall be held at Yildiz Kiosk, under His Majesty's immediate control.

Prince Albert Victor has completed the main portion of his tour in INDIA, and, beyond a visit to Bhownugger and Baroda, will spend the rest of his time in hunting and shooting, until he returns to Bombay at the end of the month to embark for home. He is now camping in the Nepal Terai on a sporting trip. The report on the recent sham attack on the Calcutta defences states that the city is quite safe against surprise, as no hostile fleet could pass the new forts on the Hooghly. The Chin-Lushai force remains at Haka, but General Symons has reconnoitred safely towards the Tashon capital, and the Chins show no opposition whatever, unlike the Kachyens, who harass the Tonhong column seriously.

In the UNITED STATES a storage dam at Prescott, Arizona, burst on Saturday, and a vast mass of water poured down the valley, sweeping away rocks, houses, and everything in its course, and drowning from thirty to forty persons. The mining town of Wickenburg, thirty miles below, was reported to be submerged, but is safe after all. This disaster has divided public interest with the sensational suicide of the Englishman Barrett, who was recently arrested for a murder in Finsbury Park last year, and stabbed himself in the throat with a buckle in ghastly fashion. Speaking of murderers, the Clan-na-Gael have recently held a secret Convention in Philadelphia, where they expelled all the members of the "Triangle," whose financial exposure caused the Cronin murder. The notorious Camp No. 20 was also struck off the rolls, as composed of the unfortunate Doctor's murderers. It is reported that the dispute over the seizures of British sealers in Behring's Sea will be referred to Arbitration. The Silver Purchase Bill now under consideration by the Senate Finance Committee is regarded favourably, as likely to increase the currency.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The little King of SPAIN is again seriously ill from his old complaint. The relapse began on Friday, but caused no anxiety until Wednesday, when the child became much worse.—The funeral of Count Andrassy produced a great demonstration of popular sympathy throughout AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. The body lay in State at the Pesth Academy, where the Empress came to pray beside the coffin, and the Emperor attended an imposing Funeral Service. Later, the Count's remains were buried privately in the family vault at Telebes, in Hungary. Now Hungarian patriots are again baiting M. Tisza in the Diet.—At the Anti-Slavery Conference in BELGIUM, the Maritime Committee have agreed on Professor Martens' report combining the British and French proposals for the suppression of the slave-trade at sea, and have drafted a treaty, which will be submitted to the Governments. Meanwhile, the Brussels Anti-Slavery Society, which works on Cardinal Lavigerie's lines, will send out an expedition to suppress the slave-trade by establishing a chain of stations from the Congo to Lake Tanganyika.—Holland has suffered from two great fires. The Law Courts at Alkmaar have been burnt down, and, a day later, the Communal Theatre at Amsterdam was entirely destroyed with all its fittings and valuable library, though happily without loss of life.—In RUSSIA, M. Victor Morier, the son of the British Ambassador, has been seriously injured by his pocket-revolver accidentally going off as he was entering a sledge. He is better, however. M. Morier recently contributed to this journal sketches of his Siberian journey.—In CHINA, the Foreign Ministers at Pekin will petition the Emperor for an audience on the completion of the first year of his reign, and His Majesty is said to be inclined to consent.—The new Sultan of ZANZIBAR has telegraphed to the German Emperor expressing his devotion to His Majesty, and in a message to Prince Bismarck begs for his support.—In SOUTH AFRICA, Sir Henry Loch and the President of the Transvaal will meet at Blignautspot, on March 12th, in order to remove all misunderstandings respecting the Transvaal intentions to occupy territory under British protection.



THE QUEEN will pay two visits to town within the next fortnight. Her Majesty comes up to Buckingham Palace next Tuesday to hold the first Drawing-Room of the season on Wednesday, and will return to Windsor on Thursday. Another Drawing-Room will take place on March 12th, when the Queen will again stay two days at the Palace. Fresh regulations have been issued respecting the Drawing-Rooms. Thus ladies not holding official positions can only present one other lady at a time besides their daughters and daughters-in-law; every lady making a presentation must herself attend the Drawing-Room, and gentlemen are not expected to attend, except under special circumstances. Meanwhile Her Majesty has received numerous visitors at Windsor. The new Portuguese Minister presented his credentials to the Queen at the close of last week; and subsequently Princess Louise, the Earl of Lathom, and Sir F. and Lady De Winton arrived, and joined the Royal party at dinner. On Saturday Her Majesty bestowed the Distinguished Service Order on Lieutenant H. W. Graham for his gallantry last spring when in command of a Houssa punitive expedition against the Ashantees on the Gold Coast. Prince Christian lunched with the Queen; and, in the evening, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their two younger daughters and Prince George, arrived on a visit. Next morning Her Majesty and all the Royal party attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Deans of Westminster and Windsor officiated, Dean Bradley preaching the sermon. In the afternoon Prince George of Wales left for Portsmouth; and, in the evening, Lady De Winton and the Dean of Westminster dined with the Queen. On Monday morning the Prince and Princess of Wales went back to town; and, in the evening, Earl and Countess Brownlow, Lord and Lady Harris, and General Sir D. Stewart were Her Majesty's guests at dinner. On Wednesday Princess Beatrice came up to Burlington House to present the prizes to the successful pupils of the Savoy Schools.

On returning to Marlborough House on Monday, the Prince and Princess of Wales received Sir Graham Berry, Agent-General for Victoria, who presented them, on behalf of the Colony, with a Silver-Wedding gift of two gold and silver vases and a flagon of Victorian design and workmanship. Later the Prince and Princess received Lord Harris, to take leave on his departure for Bombay, and the Prince went to the House of Lords, while in the evening the Prince and Princess were at St. James's Theatre to see *As You Like It*. On Tuesday the Princess and her daughters went down to Sandringham, while the Prince attended a meeting of the Organising Committee of the Imperial Institute. The Prince leaves town for Edinburgh on Monday to open the Forth Bridge on the following day, returning to London immediately after the ceremony. Next Wednesday he will be re-elected Grand Master of the English

Freemasons. The Prince holds his next Levée on the 17th inst., and on the 18th the Prince and Princess will lay the foundation stone of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields new Vestry Hall and Free Library. Prince George will probably command the new gunboat *Thrush*.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh concluded their visit to St. Petersburg on Monday, when they travelled straight to Coburg to join their children. They are expected in town at the end of this week, and the Duke accompanies the Prince of Wales to Scotland on Monday.—Prince Christian left England on Saturday night to rejoin the Princess and daughters at Wiesbaden.—The King of Württemberg is in a serious condition of health, suffering from chest weakness and a depressing nervous affection.



THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—Music lovers will be glad to hear that Antonin Dvorák has recovered from the very natural dissatisfaction caused by the non-success of his Leeds Cantata, and has undertaken to compose and conduct a *Requiem* for the Birmingham Festival of next year. Professor Villiers Stanford will compose a secular work, and a new oratorio is already in hand from the pens of Messrs. Mackenzie and Bennett. Mr. Goring Thomas and Mr. Hamish McCunn will likewise write works for the Festival, the whole of the novelties, save Dvorák's *Requiem*, thus being from the pens of English composers.

DR. JOACHIM.—Dr. Joachim, whose *rentrée* we have already recorded, has appeared twice more at the Popular Concerts. On Saturday he played, in his own inimitable style, Tartini's *Trillo del Diavolo*—a work which, although now considered little better than a piece of display, yet, in the hands of the great Hungarian violinist, affords a marvellous example of perfection of technique. For the inevitable *encore* Dr. Joachim played Spohr's *Barcarolle*. Mrs. Henschel sang two songs, one of which, Liszt's "Loreley," proved rather too severe a test for a lady whose style is better fitted to lighter music; while, on the other hand, her delivery of Mendelssohn's "Auf Flugeln des Gesanges" was as charming as it ever was.—On Monday, Brahms' duet *Sonata* in D minor, Op. 108, was repeated, Miss Fanny Davies being for the first time associated in it with Dr. Joachim. The performance was in every respect excellent, the beautiful slow movement, based upon one of Brahms' own songs, being, as usual, especially admired. Miss Fanny Davies played some fugitive pieces by Mendelssohn, and for an *encore* one of Schumann's *Canons* for pedal piano. The fine voice of Mr. Norman Salmon told well in songs by Handel and Schumann.

LONDON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.—The final performance of the fourth season of London Symphony Concerts was given last week. It is satisfactory to learn that owing to the increase in the attendance at the last few concerts Mr. Henschel has decided to start a fifth season next winter, and also to dispense with his guaranteed fund. The programme last week included Mendelssohn's *Scotch Symphony*, which was by far the best performed item of the concert, and a selection from the works of Wagner. During the six concerts which have now come to an end seven symphonies have been heard, comprising two by Beethoven and one each by Brahms, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Schumann. Wagner, however, heads the list of works, no fewer than twelve of his compositions having been included in the various schemes.

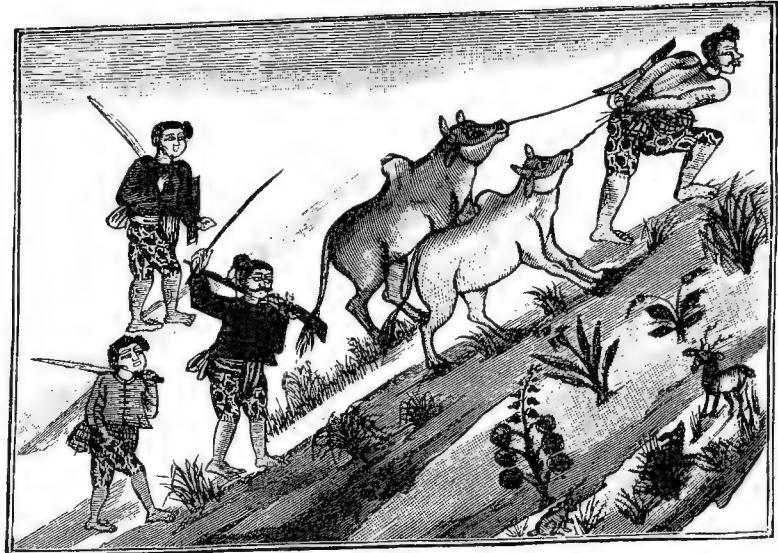
CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The novelty at the Crystal Palace Concert last Saturday was the overture written by Mr. Edward German, late of the Royal Academy of Music, for Mr. Richard Mansfield's production of Shakespeare's *Richard III* at the Globe last May. It is a pity that the whole of the incidental music was not given in the form of a *suite*. The overture, however, is complete in itself, and it was very favourably received by the audience, who, at its conclusion, called the composer to the platform. The work is the key of E, and it is more or less in strict form. Its two principal subjects are throughout the play associated with the characters of the Duke of Gloucester and the little Prince, and the melody of the processional march in the first act is likewise introduced. Lady Hallé played Spohr's *Scena Cantante*, Handel's *Sonata* in A, and an *encore*, and the orchestra give a remarkably fine performance of Schumann's Second Symphony. Miss Lucile Hill, the American soprano, who has already appeared at the Promenade Concerts, made her Crystal Palace *début*. Unfortunately, Mendelssohn's "Hear Ye, Israel," proved too much for her, and, moreover, the lady was extremely nervous. She succeeded better in the vocal waltz from Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette*, and it seems likely that she will ultimately find her *métier* on the stage. It is, indeed, reported that she has already been chosen by Sir Arthur Sullivan for the part of the heroine in the serious opera which he is writing for Mr. D'Oyly Carte's new theatre at Cambridge Circus.

CONCERTS, VARIOUS.—At the farewell recital given by M. and Madame de Pachmann at St. James's Hall last week, the improvement shown by Madame de Pachmann since she first came before the public was most marked. She was at her best in Chopin's Nocturne in F minor, Op. 55, in Mendelssohn's *Variations Sériesées*, and in the *finale* to Schubert's sonata, Op. 78. M. de Pachmann himself played some Chopin pieces, which included the posthumous *Fantasie-improvisation* and the *Etude* in G flat, Op. 10, better than Mendelssohn's *Fantasie*, Op. 28, usually known as the *Scottish Sonata*. On the other hand, it is difficult to understand why the "arrangement" for pianoforte duet of Henselt's popular study, "Si oiseau j'étais," and of the fugue in D, originally written for string quintet by Beethoven, should have been introduced in such a programme.—On Monday the students of the Royal Academy of Music gave a concert, the programme including Mendelssohn's *pianoforte quartet* in B minor, songs for Miss Hughes and Mr. Houghton, and Goss's anthem, *Praise the Lord*.—The Strolling Players gave an orchestral concert on Saturday, when they performed the ballet music from Schubert's *Rosamunde*, which was especially well rendered. Weber's *Preciosa* overture, and the *Jupiter Symphony*.—On Tuesday the Bach Choir gave a concert, the programme of which was devoted exclusively to the works of the composer whose name the Choir bears. It comprised three choral works, including the eight-part motet, "Der Christ, hilft," the Easter cantata, "Christ lay in bonds of darkness," in which Bach utilised the melody of an ancient hymn of the twelfth century, and the church cantata, "Wachet auf," which had already been performed by the same association. In addition to these Messrs. Joachim and Gompertz performed the Double Concerto in D minor, and Dr. Joachim himself played the Sonata in C.—On Wednesday Miss Gieseler Schubert and Miss Fillunger announced their second concert with a programme which comprised Beethoven's *Trio* in B flat, *pianoforte solos* by Schubert and Brahms, and six songs by Beethoven and Schubert, including the former master's "In questa tomba" and "Ich liebe dich," and Schubert's "Nacht und Träume."—Concerts have also been given by the Royal College students, the Clapham Philharmonic Society, Miss Parker, Miss Stuart, and others.





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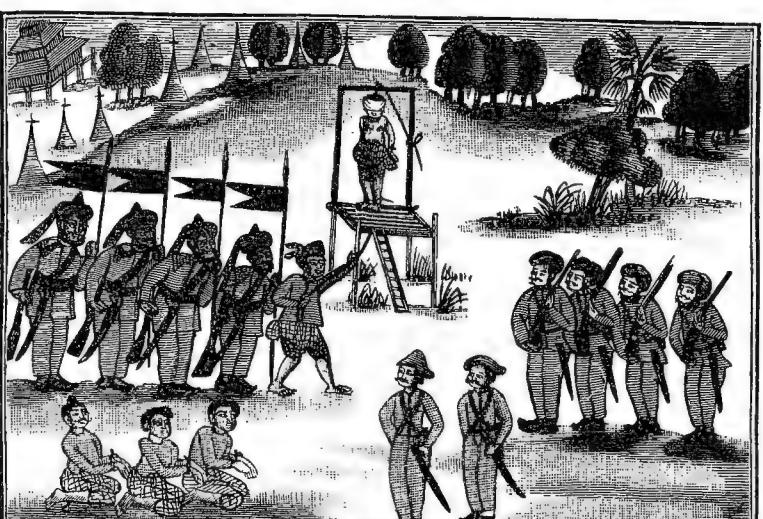
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THE ARGUMENTS IN THE TRIAL OF THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN were concluded on Tuesday, when Sir Horace Davey, for the promoters of the prosecution, replied on the whole case. The Primate then tendered the sincere thanks of the Court to the counsel on both sides for the patience, care, and skill with which they had placed their arguments before it. The Court would take time to consider its judgment.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has promised to preach at the service for the people to be held at the Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo Road, to-morrow, (Sunday) evening, March 2nd.

THE RECEIPTS of the Bishop of London's Fund in 1889 were 27,785*l.*, that of the previous year having been 23,074*l.* Mission buildings absorbed 5,576*l.* and churches 6,576*l.*

AT A RECENT MEETING in Preston, in connection with the Spring Conference of the Church Association, one of the speakers announced as about to be commenced a new organisation to be named the National Protestant League, the object of which is to maintain, unimpaired, "The Protestant Reformed Religion established by law."—The Protestant Churchmen's Alliance held a meeting in Exeter Hall, on Tuesday. Lord Grimthorpe, who was in the chair, made a characteristically caustic speech, and was appointed President of the Alliance.

THE REV. J. LLEWELYN DAVIES, recently Rector of Christ Church, Marylebone, and now Vicar of Kirkby Lonsdale, well-known by his various theological writings, has been appointed Hulsean Lecturer for the ensuing year.

THE GENERAL SECRETARSHIP of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge is about to become vacant through the resignation of Mr. Grove, who will be succeeded by the Rev. Alexander J. Carlyle, assistant curate of St. Stephen's, Westminster.

CARDINAL NEWMAN has just entered his ninetieth year, and received on the occasion a large number of congratulatory letters and telegrams from all parts of the world. Although rather feeble, he looks in good health, and walks with but little assistance.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Bishop of London has fixed April 22nd and 23rd for the next session of the London Diocesan Conference.—"We" (Record) "observe without surprise, but with very sincere regret, that the Bill throwing open the Lord Chancellorship to Roman Catholics is backed by Mr. Gladstone."—The charge of luxurious living brought against Wesleyan missionaries in India is soon to be fully investigated. Two of them will at once return home to give evidence before a Special Committee appointed to inquire into the matter.—The Nonconformist understands that the Rev. A. Mearns has decided to resign his position as Secretary of the Church Aid Society, and to continue his labours in connection with the London Congregational Union.—The handsome sum of 5,000*l.* has been bequeathed to the Foreign Mission Fund of the Presbyterian Church of England by the late Mr. George Sturge, of London, who, though a member of the Society of Friends, took great interest in it, and subscribed liberally to it during his life.—The late Mr. Samuel Fielden, of the well-known Todmorden firm

of cotton-spinners, has left 5,000*l.* to the North and East Lancashire Unitarian Mission, 5,000*l.* to the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and 2,500*l.* towards the endowment of the Unitarian Church at Todmorden, erected by himself and his brothers in memory of their father, the late John Fielden, the zealous and at last successful advocate of the Ten Hours' Bill.



AS JUDGE OF THE QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION, Mr. Justice Field is succeeded by Mr. John Compton Lawrence, Q.C., Recorder of Derby, Conservative M.P. for the Stamford Division of Lincolnshire, and Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, where he was called to the Bar in 1859.—Mr. Saunders is succeeded as Metropolitan Police Magistrate by Mr. George L. Denman, Recorder of Queensborough from 1882 to 1885, since 1885 a Revising Barrister, and editor of the second edition of the late Dr. Broom's work on "Constitutional Law."

IN THE CASE OF A BRITISH SUBJECT attached to a Foreign Embassy in England, and called upon to pay local rates for his dwelling-place in this country, Mr. Justice Manisty has decided that he is not liable, this being one of the exemptions accorded to the diplomatic body. The case was one in which Sir Halliday Macartney, as English Secretary of the Chinese Embassy in London, sued the Vestry of Marylebone to recover 118*l.*, the proceeds of a distraint made upon him after his refusal, in virtue of his official position, to pay certain local rates. Judgment was given in his favour. In future, however, the Home Secretary has notified to the Marylebone Vestry, no English subject will be recognised in a diplomatic capacity in this country unless he consents to waive his right to all such fiscal exemptions as that claimed by Sir H. Macartney.

MISS ELIZA A. FITZHUGH, aged thirty-one, music-teacher, and her mother, a widow, were charged at the Dalston Police-Court, the Treasury prosecuting, with obtaining credit under the false pretence that the younger prisoner was private vocalist to the Princess of Wales. Evidence was adduced to show that there was no ground for this representation, and that the only person of the same name at Marlborough House was a Lizzie Fitzhugh, a housemaid. One of several witnesses in support of the charge was an undertaker who had given credit to the younger prisoner for her father's funeral, on the ground of her and her mother's assurances that she was employed at Marlborough House. He had freely forgiven the debt, and came forward now only to put a stop to their misrepresentations. The younger prisoner admitted the fraud, pleading as her excuse the destitution of her parents, whom she had supported for years, but protested the innocence of her mother, whom she had led to believe in the appointment at Marlborough House. Whatever the magistrate might do with herself, she implored him not to send her mother back to the plank-bed, which would kill her. Both prisoners were committed for trial, but the mother was liberated on her own recognisances in 20*l.*

MISS AGNES HUNTINGTON, so well-known as a singer and an actress through her personation of Paul Jones in the opera of that name, entered into an agreement with the Carl Rosa Company (Limited) to sing and perform for them generally, and, without their

permission, for no one else. She declined, however, the part of Wilfred in their new opera, *Marjorie*, on the ground that it was written for a tenor voice, and could not be rendered by a contralto like her own. The Company then proposed that she should perform in the provinces her familiar part of Paul Jones. This she declined to do, and she was charged with having intimated her intention to accept engagements from other employers. The Company having applied for an interim injunction to restrain her from fulfilling this intention, Mr. Justice Chitty granted it, at the same time advising the plaintiffs and the fair defendant to come to an agreement, and "sign a treaty of peace."

THE DUTY on sparkling wines imported being higher than that on still wines, it seems that a practice has arisen of importing still wines, and aerating them in this country to be sold as sparkling wines imported from Epernay, the Moselle district, &c. A wine merchant, charged at the Guildhall with selling these wines under a false trade description, was fined 20*l.* by the sitting Alderman.

A BOOKSELLER in Wych Street has been sentenced at the County of London Sessions to eighteen months' imprisonment as a second class misdemeanant on pleading guilty to the charge of vending an indecent publication.

A SENSIBLE PRECAUTION against accidental poisoning is to be introduced in New Jersey, U.S.A. Every druggist selling a bottle of poison must print on the label the name of the antidote.

AUSTRIA has lost her oldest inhabitant in Magdalena Ponza, a centenarian of 114 years and 2 months. Throughout her life Magdalena had worked hard in the fields, and had been ill only once—from the result of a fall when in her 109th year.

A RAILWAY TO JERUSALEM, JERICHO, NAZARETH, and through Galilee to Damascus is being planned by an American Company, who expect that the large number of tourists to the Holy Land will make the line a profitable undertaking.

THE ORIGIN OF THE RECENT INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC is described in the German periodical, *Unsere Zeit*, by a writer who saw the malady first break out in the Central Asian Khanate of Bokhara. He traces the primary cause so far back as the summer of 1888, which was exceptionally hot and dry, and was followed by a most bitter winter and rainy spring. The dried-up earth was full of cracks and holes from drought and subsequent frost, so that the spring rains of 1889 formed ponds and lakes in these holes throughout the Khanate, inundated the new railway-cuttings, and turned the country into a perfect marsh. When the hot weather set in, the water gave off poisonous exhalations, rendering malaria general. As the winter had been so severe, the Bokharians were obliged to spend money on firing instead of food, so that they were weak from want of nourishment, while the severe fast of Ramadan further reduced their strength to resist disease. Then the influenza epidemic appeared suddenly, and the enfeebled inhabitants died off in large numbers, while the Europeans suffered so severely that at one time all the household of the Russian Legation in the city of Bokhara were in bed, and there was no one left to nurse the invalids. The Russian railway officials and soldiers were equally affected, and as soon as the sufferers became convalescent they hurried home to Russia for change of air and good nursing. Evidently they took the infection with them, for the epidemic travelled westward along the Central Asian Railway to break out at St. Petersburg in October, and thence spread over all Europe. Caravans travelling eastwards from Bokhara to Siberia also conveyed the disease to the post stations along the road.

STANLEY: "Well, Emin, old fellow, this Cup of the United Kingdom Tea Company's Tea makes us forget all our troubles."

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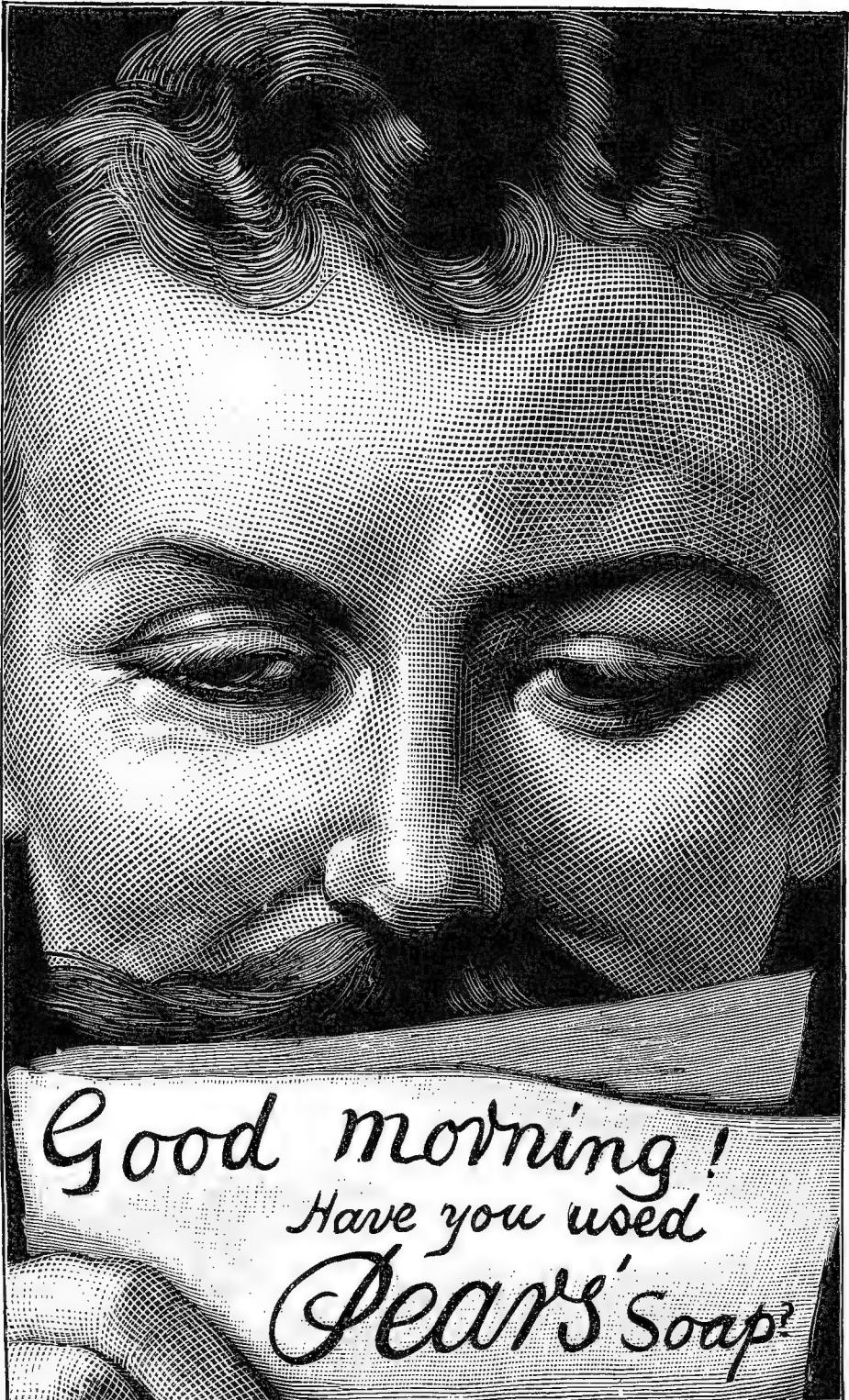
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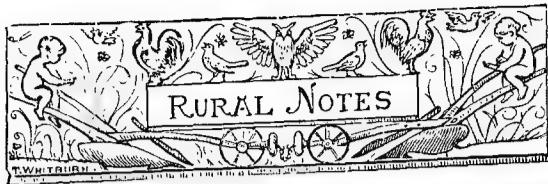
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2 1/2 wide by 5 long, to dine 14 or 16 people, 12s. 6d., 15s. 6d., 22s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 5 1/2 long, to dine 14 or 16 people, 17s. 6d., 19s. 6d., 22s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 6 long, to dine 16 or 18 people, 20s. 6d., 22s. 6d., 25s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 6 1/2 long, to dine 18 or 20 people, 23s. 6d., 26s. 6d., 30s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 7 long, to dine 20 or 22 people, 27s. 6d., 30s. 6d., 35s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 7 1/2 long, to dine 22 or 24 people, 31s. 6d., 35s. 6d., 40s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 8 long, to dine 24 or 26 people, 35s. 6d., 40s. 6d., 45s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 8 1/2 long, to dine 26 or 28 people, 39s. 6d., 45s. 6d., 50s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 9 long, to dine 28 or 30 people, 43s. 6d., 50s. 6d., 55s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 9 1/2 long, to dine 30 or 32 people, 47s. 6d., 54s. 6d., 60s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 10 long, to dine 32 or 34 people, 51s. 6d., 58s. 6d., 65s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 10 1/2 long, to dine 34 or 36 people, 55s. 6d., 62s. 6d., 70s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 11 long, to dine 36 or 38 people, 59s. 6d., 66s. 6d., 74s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 11 1/2 long, to dine 38 or 40 people, 63s. 6d., 70s. 6d., 78s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 12 long, to dine 40 or 42 people, 67s. 6d., 74s. 6d., 82s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 12 1/2 long, to dine 42 or 44 people, 71s. 6d., 78s. 6d., 86s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 13 long, to dine 44 or 46 people, 75s. 6d., 82s. 6d., 90s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 13 1/2 long, to dine 46 or 48 people, 79s. 6d., 86s. 6d., 94s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 14 long, to dine 48 or 50 people, 83s. 6d., 90s. 6d., 100s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 14 1/2 long, to dine 50 or 52 people, 87s. 6d., 94s. 6d., 104s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 15 long, to dine 52 or 54 people, 91s. 6d., 98s. 6d., 110s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 15 1/2 long, to dine 54 or 56 people, 95s. 6d., 102s. 6d., 114s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 16 long, to dine 56 or 58 people, 103s. 6d., 108s. 6d., 120s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 16 1/2 long, to dine 58 or 60 people, 107s. 6d., 112s. 6d., 124s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 17 long, to dine 60 or 62 people, 111s. 6d., 116s. 6d., 128s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 17 1/2 long, to dine 62 or 64 people, 115s. 6d., 120s. 6d., 132s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 18 long, to dine 64 or 66 people, 123s. 6d., 128s. 6d., 140s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 18 1/2 long, to dine 66 or 68 people, 127s. 6d., 132s. 6d., 144s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 19 long, to dine 68 or 70 people, 131s. 6d., 136s. 6d., 148s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 19 1/2 long, to dine 70 or 72 people, 135s. 6d., 140s. 6d., 152s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 20 long, to dine 72 or 74 people, 143s. 6d., 148s. 6d., 160s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 20 1/2 long, to dine 74 or 76 people, 147s. 6d., 152s. 6d., 164s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 21 long, to dine 76 or 78 people, 151s. 6d., 156s. 6d., 168s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 21 1/2 long, to dine 78 or 80 people, 155s. 6d., 160s. 6d., 172s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 22 long, to dine 80 or 82 people, 163s. 6d., 168s. 6d., 176s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 22 1/2 long, to dine 82 or 84 people, 167s. 6d., 172s. 6d., 180s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 23 long, to dine 84 or 86 people, 171s. 6d., 176s. 6d., 184s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 23 1/2 long, to dine 86 or 88 people, 175s. 6d., 180s. 6d., 188s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 24 long, to dine 88 or 90 people, 183s. 6d., 188s. 6d., 192s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 24 1/2 long, to dine 90 or 92 people, 187s. 6d., 192s. 6d., 196s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 25 long, to dine 92 or 94 people, 191s. 6d., 196s. 6d., 200s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 25 1/2 long, to dine 94 or 96 people, 195s. 6d., 200s. 6d., 204s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 26 long, to dine 96 or 98 people, 199s. 6d., 204s. 6d., 208s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 26 1/2 long, to dine 98 or 100 people, 203s. 6d., 208s. 6d., 212s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 27 long, to dine 100 or 102 people, 207s. 6d., 212s. 6d., 216s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 27 1/2 long, to dine 102 or 104 people, 211s. 6d., 216s. 6d., 220s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 28 long, to dine 104 or 106 people, 215s. 6d., 220s. 6d., 224s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 28 1/2 long, to dine 106 or 108 people, 219s. 6d., 224s. 6d., 228s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 29 long, to dine 108 or 110 people, 223s. 6d., 228s. 6d., 232s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 29 1/2 long, to dine 110 or 112 people, 227s. 6d., 232s. 6d., 236s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 30 long, to dine 112 or 114 people, 231s. 6d., 236s. 6d., 240s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 30 1/2 long, to dine 114 or 116 people, 235s. 6d., 240s. 6d., 244s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 31 long, to dine 116 or 118 people, 239s. 6d., 244s. 6d., 248s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 31 1/2 long, to dine 118 or 120 people, 243s. 6d., 248s. 6d., 252s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 32 long, to dine 120 or 122 people, 247s. 6d., 252s. 6d., 256s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 32 1/2 long, to dine 122 or 124 people, 251s. 6d., 256s. 6d., 260s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 33 long, to dine 124 or 126 people, 255s. 6d., 260s. 6d., 264s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 33 1/2 long, to dine 126 or 128 people, 259s. 6d., 264s. 6d., 268s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 34 long, to dine 128 or 130 people, 263s. 6d., 268s. 6d., 272s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 34 1/2 long, to dine 130 or 132 people, 267s. 6d., 272s. 6d., 276s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 35 long, to dine 132 or 134 people, 271s. 6d., 276s. 6d., 280s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 35 1/2 long, to dine 134 or 136 people, 275s. 6d., 280s. 6d., 284s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 36 long, to dine 136 or 138 people, 279s. 6d., 284s. 6d., 288s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 36 1/2 long, to dine 138 or 140 people, 283s. 6d., 288s. 6d., 292s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 37 long, to dine 140 or 142 people, 287s. 6d., 292s. 6d., 296s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 37 1/2 long, to dine 142 or 144 people, 291s. 6d., 296s. 6d., 300s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 38 long, to dine 144 or 146 people, 295s. 6d., 300s. 6d., 304s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 38 1/2 long, to dine 146 or 148 people, 299s. 6d., 304s. 6d., 308s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 39 long, to dine 148 or 150 people, 303s. 6d., 308s. 6d., 312s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 39 1/2 long, to dine 150 or 152 people, 307s. 6d., 312s. 6d., 316s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 40 long, to dine 152 or 154 people, 311s. 6d., 316s. 6d., 320s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 40 1/2 long, to dine 154 or 156 people, 315s. 6d., 320s. 6d., 324s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 41 long, to dine 156 or 158 people, 319s. 6d., 324s. 6d., 328s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 41 1/2 long, to dine 158 or 160 people, 323s. 6d., 328s. 6d., 332s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 42 long, to dine 160 or 162 people, 327s. 6d., 332s. 6d., 336s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 42 1/2 long, to dine 162 or 164 people, 331s. 6d., 336s. 6d., 340s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 43 long, to dine 164 or 166 people, 335s. 6d., 340s. 6d., 344s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 43 1/2 long, to dine 166 or 168 people, 339s. 6d., 344s. 6d., 348s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 44 long, to dine 168 or 170 people, 343s. 6d., 348s. 6d., 352s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 44 1/2 long, to dine 170 or 172 people, 347s. 6d., 352s. 6d., 356s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 45 long, to dine 172 or 174 people, 351s. 6d., 356s. 6d., 360s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 45 1/2 long, to dine 174 or 176 people, 355s. 6d., 360s. 6d., 364s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 46 long, to dine 176 or 178 people, 359s. 6d., 364s. 6d., 368s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 46 1/2 long, to dine 178 or 180 people, 363s. 6d., 368s. 6d., 372s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 47 long, to dine 180 or 182 people, 367s. 6d., 372s. 6d., 376s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 47 1/2 long, to dine 182 or 184 people, 371s. 6d., 376s. 6d., 380s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 48 long, to dine 184 or 186 people, 375s. 6d., 380s. 6d., 384s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 48 1/2 long, to dine 186 or 188 people, 379s. 6d., 384s. 6d., 388s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 49 long, to dine 188 or 190 people, 383s. 6d., 388s. 6d., 392s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 49 1/2 long, to dine 190 or 192 people, 387s. 6d., 392s. 6d., 396s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 50 long, to dine 192 or 194 people, 391s. 6d., 396s. 6d., 400s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 50 1/2 long, to dine 194 or 196 people, 395s. 6d., 400s. 6d., 404s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 51 long, to dine 196 or 198 people, 399s. 6d., 404s. 6d., 408s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 51 1/2 long, to dine 198 or 200 people, 403s. 6d., 408s. 6d., 412s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 52 long, to dine 200 or 202 people, 407s. 6d., 412s. 6d., 416s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 52 1/2 long, to dine 202 or 204 people, 411s. 6d., 416s. 6d., 420s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 53 long, to dine 204 or 206 people, 415s. 6d., 420s. 6d., 424s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 53 1/2 long, to dine 206 or 208 people, 419s. 6d., 424s. 6d., 428s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 54 long, to dine 208 or 210 people, 423s. 6d., 428s. 6d., 432s. 6d. each.  
2 1/2 wide by 54 1/2 long, to dine 210 or 212 people, 427s. 6d., 432s. 6d., 436s. 6d. each.<br



FEBRUARY has been hardly so unpleasant a month as its very evil reputation may almost be said to entitle it to be. There have been several very fine days when the sun shone brightly for four or five hours, and when the air had a pleasant bracing quality without being really cold. There have been half-a-dozen fogs in London, which is perhaps rather less than the customary February average; in the country white mists in the morning have been frequent, and there have also been night frosts; in number varying from four in the month at Ventnor to an absolute majority of nights in most parts of Scotland. The temperature has been slightly above, the rainfall slightly below the mean, for the entire Kingdom. The autumn-sown wheat, rye, beans, and peas present a very satisfactory appearance; none the less so for the east winds of the last fortnight having checked the undue forwardness of growth which a continuance of previous westerly and damp airs had threatened. The heavy clays want frost, and all land intended for barley would be better for it, as it affects the moisture within the clumps and clods in the same way on a very small scale as it affects the householders' pipes on a big one. It is an expanding, and therefore explosive force, and its result on the surface soil is to reduce it to a nice friable condition such as barley loves. The sowing of barley has begun on light lands already, and the chance of a good malting sample is much increased by early sowing. Less seed to the acre is required, and the crop is ripe for harvest in the warmer weeks of August.

LAMBING is now in progress in those districts of England which are usually forward, and where "early" breeds are kept. "In Berkshire," writes a correspondent, "we are all having very fine weather for the lambing season, and most farmers are getting a fair quantity of doubles, the lambs being strong and doing well. In my own flock the lambs are nearly one-half twins. There is plenty of good hay, which has helped to keep flocks healthy, and has thus conducted to a good fall of lambs. The breed I prefer are the Oxfordshire Downs." A Shropshire breeder has had the rare good fortune to get ninety-four living lambs from fifty-five ewes. In such cases, of course, the ewes require extremely generous feeding and care, or they will not prove equal to rearing their lambs. However, a healthy ewe which is well fed with hay and a little cake can easily rear a brace of healthy lambs.

CATTLE.—Winter feeding has not been expensive, but store-stock were bought in the autumn at so high a price that profit on fattening is often very uncertain, especially as the mild weather has been against a good demand for beef, which has recently been selling in the country at 6s. to 6s. per cwt., with 6s. as a good medium price. It is likely that before Easter a great number of moderately finished cattle will go to the butcher at from 5s. to 5s. per cwt. A great many Canadian cattle have been fattened in Scotland this winter. The results have been irregular, but the butchers speak well of the Canadian bullocks, which will probably induce feeders to persevere, and by good rations of cake, &c., get over the slowness with which the Canadian beasts fatten on grass or hay alone.

SALES OF CORN since harvest have been large. Of barley they have been half as much again as in the first six months of last cereal year; and of oats they have been twice as large. These remarks refer to sales at the scheduled markets. The large sales of barley remain unaccounted for, except on the hypothesis that fairly good prices, offered when other cereals were low in price, tempted farmers to dispose of nearly all their crop in the first five months of the trade. But the sales of oats off the farm are easily explained. The good hay and root crops have eased the home consumption, and enabled farmers to enter the arena with the foreigner, who always hopes to place a weekly matter of eighty thousand quarters of oats on the various British markets. Owing to Russia having a short crop, and to America failing to ship as freely as promised, the British oat grower has done fairly well, and an average of 18s. 8d. in London—18s. 7d. for the whole country, is quoted, against 16s. 5d. in 1889, 15s. 9d. in 1888, 17s. in 1887.

WHEAT has not been an equally satisfactory sale, for 29s. 8d. only has been quoted against 29s. 6d. last year, and 30s. 2d. the year before. Sales are estimated at 4,326,352 qrs. against 3,711,596 qrs. last year, and 4,562,745 qrs. in 1887-8. The stock of English wheat still remaining in farmers' hands has been put by a good authority at 4,273,648 qrs., against 4,588,044 qrs. on March 1st, 1889, and 4,137,255 qrs. on March 1st, 1888. These figures warrant us in looking for fair, but at the same time, somewhat diminished deliveries from now to the end of May, while after May there will probably be the usual big falling-off, as but few farmers keep reserves of wheat thus late in the season.

THE PEASANT has not yet become the political factor of importance that the great democratic surrender of 1885 is bound eventually to make him. The enfranchised cottager goes against the landed gentry in a very half-hearted manner, mainly because he has at heart no quarrel with, but a perfectly genuine admiration for them, and, despite the eloquence of professional politicians, largely imported from Ireland, the political advantages to follow from a different view of things are somewhat hard to make out. It is therefore doubtful if the peasant vote in England will, even as things now stand, go all one way, so as to exercise a really powerful influence.

RURAL CHANGES, however, are being worked for with a will by men like Mr. Trotter, whose unaffected vigorous lecture we referred to last week, and like Mr. Ulric Stanley, whose speech at the Cottswold Farmers' Association has more recently reached us. Mr. Stanley wants to improve the breed of agricultural labourers by having two scales of wages, one for the ordinary hind, the other for the approved if humble craftsman in agriculture. And he suggests that the extra wage or reward of the latter should take the form of an allotment, which would also prevent the best lads on the farm from drifting to the town. All this means peasant ownership, and the peasant as an owner of land—nay, but a rod of it—becomes a soldier ranged under the same banner as the Duke with his hundred thousand acres. The words that were the most powerful of spells for Roman orators to conjure with, *natale solum*, mean to the mass of our middle-class voters a more or less "genteele" residence held on a three years' agreement. To the town masses they mean any short term from a quarterly hiring to weekly room. But if we are setting to work steadily to create a class to whom they will mean a policy and an aim, we are bringing into existence a political force which may shatter the whole scheme of commercial and urban economies, which has constituted the most remarkable erection of the present reign.

#### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

A NEAT little volume is Miss Esmerilda Boyle's "Saint Cecilia's Gates" (James Duffy, Dublin). Most of the poems, including one to "Mary of Knock," are the fervent and flowery outpourings of a devout Roman Catholicism, and will be most perfectly appreciated in the columns of those journals which are devoted to that form of faith. Miss Boyle can express herself gracefully at times, and there is certainly descriptive power in the following lines, which make up a poem headed "Waves":—

Curving their mighty breasts  
The great waves rise and fall,  
And then with brave white crests,  
Like warriors tall,  
Moving towards the strand  
They march with steady pace  
As though they claimed this land  
By the right of race.  
Then back from shore and stone  
Each one departs  
With deep and bitter moan  
As though of broken hearts.

We have received the third and last instalment of Sir John Croker Barrow's "Mary of Nazareth" (Burns and Oates). Like the above book, this volume is meant for the edification of Roman Catholics, who, to judge from the Press criticisms which have been brought to our notice, have been very favourably impressed with the first and second parts of the composition. Cardinal Manning has praised them warmly, but Cardinal Newman has given commendation with much reserve. Sir John Croker Barrow is fluent, and, of course, is more florid in his eulogy of the Virgin than Protestants will quite understand or appreciate. He relates how the Apostles, three days after Mary's death, went to her tomb and found it empty:—

Then knew they, given by God to understand—  
As Jesus no corruption saw—that He—  
Lest Mary should by death corruption see—  
Had raised her Body to that Spirit-land,  
Where, high above the nine-fold choirs of Heaven  
And high above the great Archangel Seven,  
He had prepared for her the highest throne  
Of all, but that of God, and of His own.

THE WINTER IN ITALY has been bitterly cold at intervals. A fortnight ago the thermometer was below freezing-point at Florence, Genoa, Rome, and Palermo, and went down to thirty-nine degrees at Naples. The South has suffered most, for the temperature rarely descends to freezing-point at Palermo. Nevertheless, the early fruit-trees are already in blossom throughout the country.

THE PROSPECT OF A FRENCH PASSION PLAY being produced in Paris arouses heated discussion, and much opposition. Madame Sarah Bernhardt has set her mind on appearing as the Virgin Mary, but she acknowledges that such a piece would be repugnant to religious feeling if played in an ordinary Paris theatre, so she proposes to bring it out at some hall. M. Haraucourt, the author, is doubtful whether to call the play *Le Mystère* or *Le Juif Errant*, but it is decided that music and a grand ballet are to be included in the representation—if permitted by the Censor. Most people think, however, that Madame Bernhardt had better confine her energies to studying the part of Cleopatra, which she is to play after Easter in an adaptation by M. Sardou of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

## INFLUENZA SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES INFLUENZA

Only Efficient The Best and Surest Remedy for Diseases of the THROAT, CHEST, LUNGS, and STOMACH. Only Efficient  
Preventive & Cure

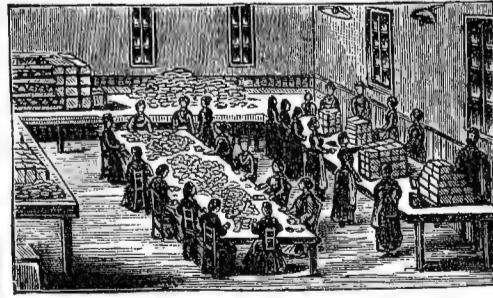
EXTRACT FROM THE TESTIMONIAL RECEIVED FROM SIR MORELL MACKENZIE

TRADE  
MARK

I regard them as extremely valuable in obtinate Catarrhal affections of the Throat. They are especially beneficial in catarrhal diseases of the air-passages, and I have frequently found them of great service in the case of Singers and Public Speakers.  
2 September 1887

TRADE  
MARK

A FIRST-CLASS HOUSEHOLD REMEDY, gained from the salts of the Medicinal Springs of BATH SODEN in the TAUNUS. They are NATURE'S OWN MEDICINE, not to be imitated by any production of Pharmacy or the Laboratory. They contain neither poisonous drugs nor anodynes injurious to the constitution, and may, therefore (to cite the words written by the celebrated PROFESSOR JUSTIN VON LIEBIG about the SODEN WATERS), be prescribed by the Physician as a REMEDY fit for every organisation, the WEAK and the IRRITABLE as well as the STRONGEST. Dr. HERMANN WEBER, Physician to the German Hospital, London, in his work on the CURATIVE EFFECTS OF BATHS AND WATERS, particularly recommends the Soden Medicinal Waters, which are condensed in Pastilles, in CASES OF BRONCHIAL CATARRH, even in those which are complicated with commencing consumption.



that Soden may hereafter attract English pleasure-seekers who delight in spending their holidays within reach of an Imperial residence. There are springs of chalybeate water, where a sparkling table-water named Appollonis is bottled. Indeed, it is impossible to walk for a mile or two in this region without coming upon a mineral spring or a picturesque village.

Yet, despite the many attractions of the country at and around Soden, THE MINERAL WATERS THERE HAVE MADE IT FAMOUS. FEW OTHER WATERS ARE OF SERVICE IN THE CASES WHERE THOSE OF SODEN PROVE SERVICEABLE. Thousands of persons find cure or relief by living according to rule at a watering place, and drinking and bathing in mineral waters. They suffer from imperfect nutrition, coughing too often, and eating too little. What they long for is increased appetite and diminished irritation in their chest. I am assured that many who arrive at Soden tortured with cough, and unable to assimilate their food, leave their cough behind when they depart, and carry away with them a keen appetite and a marked capacity for digesting what they eat. The mineral water which can effect such results deserves to be better known. I do not wish it to be supposed that I regard it as one which has a local and limited reputation. Having before me an official

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES are doubly valuable, having the most favoured effect upon the Organs of Digestion. In Catarrh of the Stomach, and Habitual Constipation, they cause the healing and restoration of the diseased organs by reason of their exceedingly mild action. Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1/2d. by all Chemists; or for 15 stamps of THE SODEN MINERAL PRODUCE CO., LIMITED, 52, Bread Street, Cheapside, E.C.

The Salts contained in these Pastilles, which are produced by evaporating the waters of the three most effective Medicinal Springs of Bath Soden in the Taunus, also act as a mild purgative in cases of Indigestion, and are beneficial in Torpid Liver Complaints and Hemorrhoids.

THE TIMES Correspondent writes, October 10, 1889.

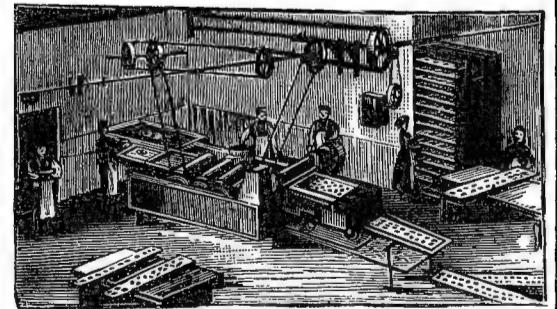
### SODEN IN THE TAUNUS

Soden can be reached in a little more than twenty minutes by rail from Frankfort-on-the-Main, yet out of the many thousands of English tourists who pass through Frankfort every year not fifty pay it a visit. Other foreigners, among whom Dutchmen and Russians predominate, treat Soden as a favourite health resort. As it is within a walk of Cronberg, where the Empress Frederick has bought a castle, in which she proposes passing the summer months, it may be

list of visitors this season, I learn that they represent many sections of the civilised world. What strikes me as remarkable is the circumstance of many patients being medical men who have failed to discover in the drugs supplied by a chemist an alleviation of the coughs which tortured them. I have been witness at Soden of a physician who was there as a patient having to do likewise, and who persevered in the treatment because, as he said, he expected to derive benefit from it after a time. I always look upon any mineral water with great respect when I see a physician drinking it.

There are twenty-four mineral springs at Soden. The existence of the springs was known many centuries ago. Dr. Glaaback, a Frankfort physician, writing in 1701, speaks of the springs which had been known 300 years before, which had been forgotten and rediscovered. Dr. Thilenius, a practising physician at Soden, did the most to establish the reputation of the place, writing strongly in its favour, and attracting the attention of his medical colleagues to it.

The most valuable springs are seven in number. They vary in their temperature, in the quantity of salt, of sulphur, and of iron contained in them; while some are fully charged with carbonic acid gas and sparkle in the glass, others contain very little gas and taste flat. The MILCHBRUNNEN and the WARMBRUNNEN are the two springs which are most in request. In both the temperature is high, being about 76 deg Fahrenheit. Those who drink the water while suffering from irritation in the mucous membrane of the throat or stomach are said to find in it the relief which they seek. Indeed, what deserves special note is that Soden is a place where THOSE WHO HAVE DELICATE CHESTS ARE BENEFITED BY DRINKING THE MINERAL WATER AND BATHING IN IT, AND BY BREATHING THE PURE AND PLEASANT AIR. IT IS THE PRINCIPAL PLACE OF THE KIND WHERE THE SUFFERERS FROM SUCH MALADIES HOPE TO BE CURED.



## HEALTH NOTES

COMPILED BY AN EXPERIENCED PHYSICIAN.

Showing How to Obtain and Maintain Health, Strength, and Vigour, and Exterminate Disease from the System by Simple and Natural Means, without taking Poisonous Drugs and Quack Medicines.

## NERVOUSNESS IN MEN

(Reprinted from the *Family Doctor*.)

"It is extraordinary how many people—especially men—suffer nowadays, both in mind and body, from a multitude of ailments, which are simply the result of weak nerves, consequent upon overwork, worry, and other debilitating causes. Doctors have tried for years past, and are still trying, to find some drug which will cure the distressing symptoms of nervous exhaustion, but the best they have been able to do in this direction up to the present is, to afford slight temporary relief in some simple forms of the disease. After finding that physic is practically useless for the relief of nervous sufferers, a London Physician says:—

"There is no doubt electricity is one of the most powerful nerve tonics we possess. No agent so quickly restores the depressed condition of the system resulting from illness. In all states of nervous depression, as from long mental strain or overtaxed bodily powers, general galvanism has proved a refreshing and most invigorating tonic."

"The next point, therefore, to be considered is as to the best method of applying these galvanic currents to the system without shocks or discomfort, and for this purpose we cannot do better than strongly recommend all nervous sufferers to wear one of Harness's Electropathic Belts."

"They have stood the test of nearly twenty-five years, have restored thousands of sufferers to health and vigour, and are guaranteed to be perfectly genuine, and are constructed on sound scientific principles. The Medical Battery Company (Limited) are the sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of this now world-famed appliance, and should any of our readers still have the least doubt as to its *bona fide* character, they are invited to call at the Company's Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W. (at the corner of Rathbone Place), where they can see the Electropathic Belts scientifically tested, and can personally examine the thousands of unsolicited testimonials and Press reports that have been received from all parts of the world.

## CAUTION TO DRUG-TAKERS

Before it is too late, we would advise our readers not to ruin their constitutions with quack medicines and poisonous drugs, which, although sometimes affording temporary relief in certain common ailments, do irreparable mischief to the entire system, and frequently sow the seeds of fatal diseases. If people wish to prolong their lives and enjoy good health, they should adopt simple and natural means, such as by wearing one of Mr. Harness's Electropathic Belts. These genuine appliances give wonderful support to the various organs of the body; they are very comfortable to wear, and the mild continuous currents of electricity which they imperceptibly generate, naturally and speedily invigorate the debilitated constitution, assist digestion and assimilation, giving strength to every nerve and muscle of the body, and effectually preventing chills and rheumatic pains, which so many people are, unfortunately, subject to in this country, where the climate is so changeable. It seems—and is—a simple remedy, but it is as sure as it is simple, and the number of unsolicited testimonials we have received from all classes of society amply prove that we do not exaggerate, when we say that Harness's Electropathic Belts have completely cured thousands of men and women in all parts of the known world, most of whom had obtained no relief from medicine, and many of them had been pronounced by their family doctors as positively incurable.

## ELECTRICITY v. MEDICINE

The following is a list of some of the ailments that have been effectually cured by simply wearing one of these genuine electropathic appliances:—Nervous Exhaustion, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Melancholia, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Constipation, Spasms, Flatulence, Torpid Liver, Nervous and Bilious Headaches, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, "Weak Back," Kidney Complaints, Hysteria, Internal Weakness, Poorness of Blood, Feeble Circulation, Heartburn, etc. This is not a rash statement, but an actual fact, which can be verified by referring to the book of testimonials published at 52, Oxford-street, London, W., by the Proprietors, the Medical Battery Company (Limited). A copy will be sent free by post on application, with descriptive pamphlet, to all those who are unable to call at the Company's Establishment, which, by the way, is the largest Medico-Electric Institute in the world, and is known as the Electropathic and Zander Institute.

## A PERFECT HEALTH APPLIANCE

Harness's Electropathic Belt consists of two essential parts—an ordinary well-made supporting belt and a series of electric batteries, so arranged that the whole can be worn with comfort and pleasure without interference in the slightest degree with the ordinary clothing.

Harness's Electropathic Belt has been adopted and patented by Mr. C. B. Harness, as being the best means of applying to the system in a portable and wearab'e form a constant and mild electric current, which can be regulated according to need, the belt at the same time acting as a support and preventative against chill. It is usually worn round the waist or abdomen, but the same principle can be adopted in the form of a pad to any surface of the body.

During a long and successful experience in the application of electricity, not only as a means of cure but also as a preventive of disease to the healthy, Mr. C. B. Harness has established the fact that mild continuous currents are by far the most efficacious, and perhaps we should add the only really efficacious ones.

To those suffering from overwork, debility, lumbago, sciatica, indigestion, or from one of the many forms of disease having their origin in weak circulation, nervous disorders, or early excesses, we should say at once procure an Electropathic Belt, and they will be surprised at the improvement which will follow, in some cases directly on commencement of wear. Write to the Medical Battery Company (Limited), 52, Oxford Street, London, W., Consultation free.

## NOT GENERALLY KNOWN

It does not appear to be generally known that, besides the enormous sale of Mr. Harness's Curative Electropathic Belts, the most perfect form of Electro-Massage treatment is successfully carried on, under skilful medical supervision by experienced certificated Masseurs and Masseuses at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W. This palatial building, which is situated at the corner of Rathbone Place, is by far the largest and most complete Medico-Electric Institution in the world, and contains the best electrical machines and appliances that science has produced for the cure of Nervous and Rheumatic Affections, Liver and Kidney Disorders, etc. A personal visit would astonish and delight all who are interested in the treatment of Disease by Electricity, Massage, Swedish, Mechanical Exercises, Chemical Inhalation, etc. At this spacious Medical Establishment Rupture, Deafness, Corpulence, Superfluous Hairs, etc., have also been successfully treated for many years past. Consultation and advice may be had free of charge, either personally or by letter. Address Mr. C. B. HARNES, President of the Medical Battery Co. (Limited), 52, Oxford Street, London, W. All communications are treated with private and confidential

NOTE.—All in search of health should wear one of Mr. C. B. Harness's Electropathic Belts, Guaranteed Genuine. Pamphlet free on application.

## THE FAMILY DOCTOR

In an Editorial notice, September 8th 1888, says:—"The valuable and ingenious inventions of Mr. Harness, and the elaborate and beautifully-fitted operating and consulting rooms at the Company's extensive 'Electropathic' and Zander Institute, at the corner of Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, are indeed a wonderful example of the rapid strides made during the last few years in the science of Medical Electricity."

## CORRESPONDENCE

The following interesting letters are selected from the thousands which Mr. Harness has received from the grateful multitude who have been completely restored to health by simply wearing one of his Electropathic Belts. The originals may be seen at the Medical Battery Company's Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W.:—

## NERVOUS AFFECTIONS—MARVELLOUS EFFECT

Joseph Korn, The Globe, 26a, Wilton Street, St. Anne Street, Liverpool, writes: "July 29th, 1888. Dear Sir,—I am most happy to be able to state that the intense nervousness from which I have suffered all my life has left me, after wearing your Electropathic Belt during fourteen days, and in this short period it has done me more good than I have ever derived from medicine. I feel in better health than I have done for many years; the giddiness in the head, as likewise the constant trembling of the hands, has vanished, and altogether the Appliance has had a marvellous effect on my system. I feel in reality a new man, and shall be delighted to answer any inquiries that might be addressed to me.—Yours gratefully, JOSEPH KORN." "To C. B. Harness, Esq., President, The Medical Battery Company (Limited), 52, Oxford Street, London, W."

## MR. ANSTEY'S OPINION.

F. G. Anstey, Esq., 139, Queen's Gate, London, S.W., writes:—"December 3rd, 1887.—Words fail to express my gratitude to you for the benefit I have derived from the use of your Electropathic Appliances, for now I feel like a new creature, and better than I have done for years. My nerves are much better, and I have none of that languid feeling which used to make my life a burden. I have strongly recommended your treatment to several of my friends, and I only wish I had heard of it sooner, for I might have been spared years of suffering."

## PARALYSIS "PERFECTLY CURED

Mr. E. Clark, Beacon Hill, Newark, writes:—"January 12th, 1889.—Since wearing your Electropathic Belt (September, 1888) I have greatly improved; in fact, after wearing it three months, I am perfectly cured without any other treatment. I feel better than I have for two years past."

## DR. CHARLES LEMPRIERES OPINION

Dr. C. Lemprière, Senior Fellow, St. John's College, Oxf.-rd, was completely cured of rheumatic fever by wearing one of these Electropathic Belts. In a long letter of gratitude he states that he considers them "the best preventative as well as the best curative."

## WRITER'S CRAMP

"22, Upper Baker Street, London, W., May 8, 1889. Dear Sir,—I have given you specimens of my writing, done every evening after treatment.

"I explained to you that, from my schoolboy days, I have never written a good hand; but the improvement since I have been under your care is most marked.

"I am glad to bear testimony to your skilful treatment.—Yours very sincerely, R. W. PARISH."

"C. B. Harness, Esq., 52, Oxford Street, London, W."

## RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS

"8, Eton Grove, Lee, Kent, S.E., November 27th, 1889.

"Dear Sir,—Some time since I purchased one of your Electropathic Belts, as I have been suffering for some time with Rheumatic Gout, and was recommended to try your system.

"I am pleased to say it had the desired effect, although I did not notice any apparent benefit until I had worn the Belt for about a week; after that, the improvement in health began, and continued, and I should be sorry to be without it now.

"I trust many others who may be suffering in a similar way may be induced to try this remedy—Yours gratefully, GEO. FRANKLIN CHAMBERS."

"C. B. Harness, Esq., 52, Oxford Street, London, W."

## Mr. C. B. HARNES

The President of the British Association of Medical Electricians, has found, after many years' practical experience, that the mild continuous currents of electricity generated by wearing his celebrated Electropathic Belts, are capable of strengthening every nerve and muscle of the body, and speedily restoring invalids to perfect health and vigour. It is no exaggeration to say that they never fail to do good, and the proprietors guarantee that they cannot possibly do the least harm, however delicate the wearer may be. It has been proved beyond doubt that

## HARNESS'S ELECTROPATHIC BELTS

act as a preventative as well as a cure, and are invaluable in all cases of nervousness, debility, brain fag, neuralgia, melancholia, sleeplessness, rheumatism, gout, sciatica, lumbago, nervous dyspepsia, torpid liver, kidney complaints, internal weakness, epilepsy, hysteria, corpulence, etc. Thousands of people have already testified to their marvellous curative powers. Copies of their grateful and satisfactory reports may be had free on application, or the original letters may be personally inspected at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W.

BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

MR. C. B. HARNES

A BOON TO SUFFERERS. PAMPHLET & CONSULTATION FREE.

Those who cannot call should write at once for Pamphlet and Book of Testimonials.

## ELECTROPATHIC BELT.

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An invaluable health appliance for the treatment and cure of disease. It is delightfully comfortable to wear, prevents chills, invigorates the debilitated constitution, assists digestion, promotes the circulation, and specially overcomes every form of

## NERVOUS, MUSCULAR, OR ORGANIC WEAKNESS.



THEY CURE  
RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS,  
LIVER & KIDNEY DISORDERS,  
INTERNAL WEAKNESS,  
HYSTERIA, &c.

WRITE  
for  
PAMPHLET  
and  
BOOK  
of  
TESTIMONIALS.

THEY CURE  
NERVOUS WEAKNESS,  
SLEEPLESSNESS,  
NEURALGIA,  
DEBILITY, &c.

All in search of Health, Strength, and Energy should wear one of HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.

## NERVOUS AFFECTIONS CURED.

EXHAUSTION & PALPITATION.—HENRY GARDNER, Esq., Coton Hill, Shrewsbury, writes, March 9, 1889: "The Electropathic Belt has done me an immense deal of good. I enjoy better health now than I have done for the last twelve years."

EXHAUSTION AND PAINS IN THE BACK.—MRS. BRACKENBURY, Swindon, writes, Dec. 3, 1888: "Since wearing your Electropathic Belt appliance my health has been wonderfully improved. I have lost all feelings of exhaustion."

DEBILITY.—WILLIAM SHIMMIN, Esq., 4, Gt. Gt. Liverpool, writes, Dec. 3, 1888: "Since wearing your Electropathic Belt appliance my health has greatly improved. I am much better and stronger than I have felt for years."

## RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS CURED.

COMPLETELY CURED.—MR. ALFRED JAMES, Maltster, Quay-street, Haverfordwest, writes: "I am glad to inform you that the Electropathic Belt I obtained from you a little while back has completely cured me of rheumatic gout."

COMPLETELY CURED.—MR. W. TURNER, Stanley House, Donisthorpe, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, writes: "Your Electropathic Belt completely cured me of violent cramp and rheumatic pains which I had had for years. My age is 66, and I only regret your treatment did not come under my notice before."

SCIATICA COMPLETELY CURED.—MR. W. READ, Kilvarock-street, Queen's Park, W., writes, March 25, 1889: "I have been completely cured of my painful sciatica by wearing Harness' Electropathic Belt."

HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS

the President of the Company, attends daily, together with their Physician, Surgeon, Electricians, and other officers. Consultation may be had in every case, Free of Charge, personally or by letter, on all matters relating to Health and the Application of Curative Electricity.

RESIDENTS AT A DISTANCE, and those unable to call, should write at once for a Belt or Pamphlet before they forget it.

NOTE THE ADDRESS: THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, LIMITED,

52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. (Corner of Rathbone-place.)

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By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the use properties of a well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided us with a breakfast-tablet with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame. —*Civil Service Gazette*.

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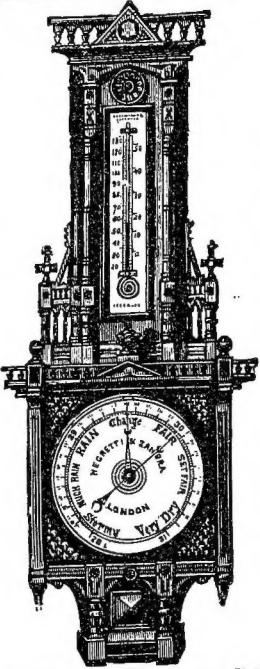
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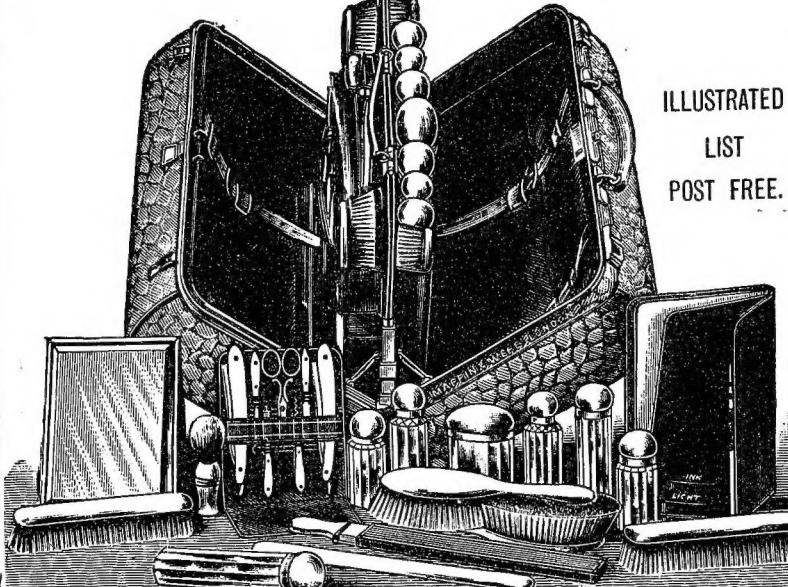
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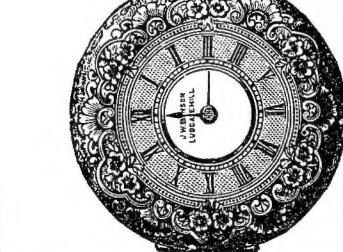
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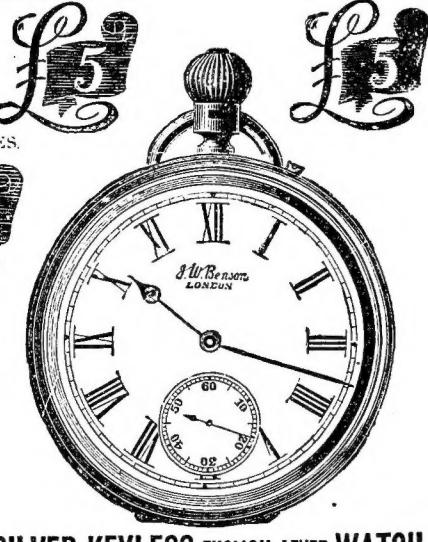
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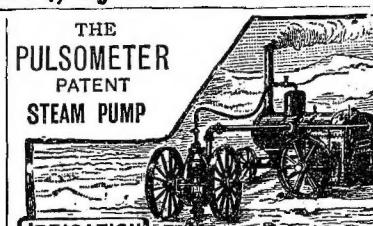
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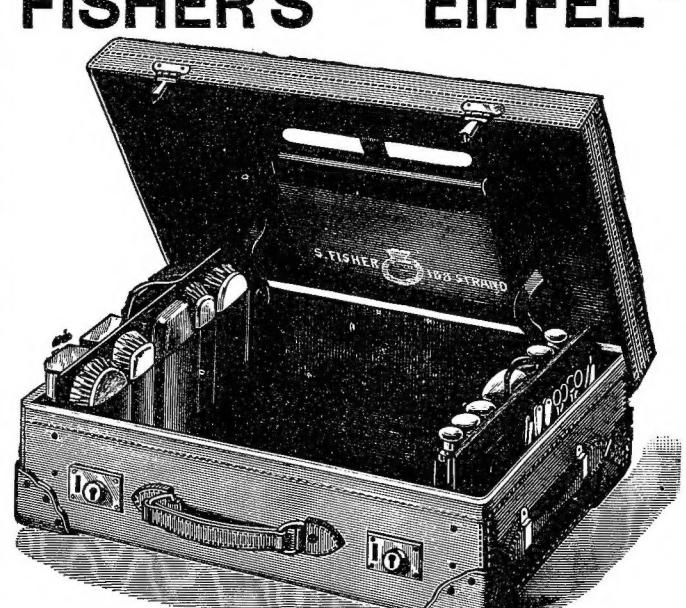
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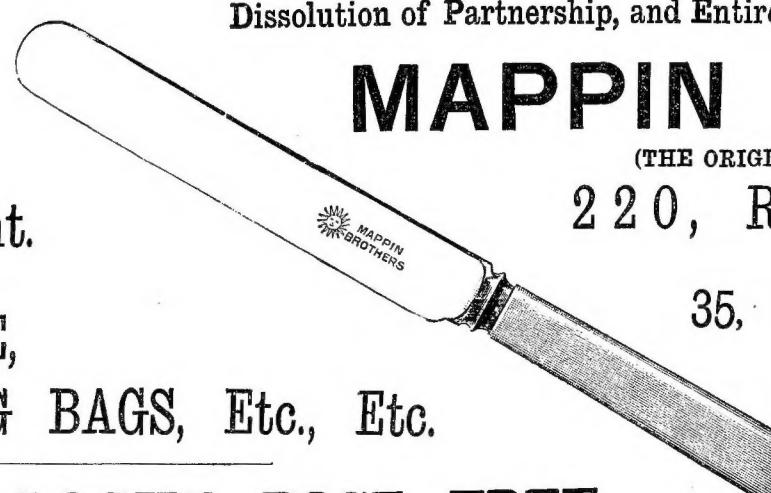
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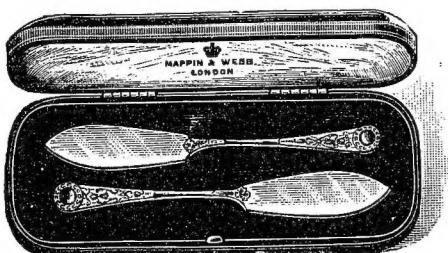
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